

Maclean's

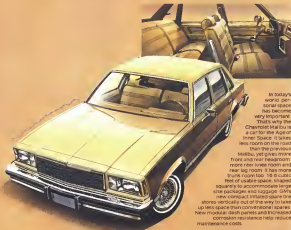
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Quebec: assessing
Claude Ryan's
impact

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CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

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Here comes Mr. Ryges If Canadians outside Quebec have wondered who's making the opposition to René Lévesque, the answer is readily available. But in Claude Ryan, they know a name nobody. **Page 18**



To bail with Bob Dylan For nine years Bob struggled in the nebulous land of rock. It was hardly a lightning field after all. But then, of course, the lightning caught up with them. **Page 26**



The miracle worker For those who drink hockey fan isn't what it used to be: a hockey player who is, as they don't make them like Gordie Howe any more. But then they never did—we except once. **Page 32**



A night still remembered Of all the great tales of the sea, none has made more than the sinking of the Titanic, and no one is more fascinated than Steve Preston, who lived aboard it. **Page 38**



Clever people, these Canadians It may be a hard market at best for Canadian architects, but they're finding plenty of work—and money—from Kuwait to Tanzania to Singapore. **Page 36**



With the best Broadway hit he's Broadway himself A Chinese Lion is still looking high. A new approach "excellent" actors, and the Great White Way is whispering of a return to greatness. **Page 36**

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Interview

With zoologist Desmond Morris

Five scientists have been as successful as Desmond Morris in popularizing their work. The 50-year-old zoologist has impossible credentials—doctorate from Oxford, numerous academic papers published, curator of mammals at the fabulous London Zoo for eight years (until 1987) that there's another facet to Morris—an up-to-date communicator, his science and a theorist on human behavior, not just to other scientists but to the general public. For 11 years he was host of a popular zoology program on British television. Then, in the late 1970s, he burst onto the international scene with the publication of *The Naked Ape*, a worldwide best seller that accused the human race of spending an enormous time keeping its higher motives and ignoring its basic, primitive drives. Popular success was tempered by academic criticism: "sweeping generalizations," "more than a little speculative," "very noisy of Kenneth." But Morris went on to write *The Human Zoo*, *Intimate Behavior* and, published last year, a lavishly illustrated work on body language called *Manwatching: A Field Guide To Human Behavior* all aimed at a general audience. In Toronto recently Morris talked at his hotel with *Maclean's* senior editor Robert Marshall.



It's hardly surprising if the abnormally successful man is also abnormal in other ways

Maclean's: What got you into writing in the first place?

Morris: Well, I came from a long line of journalists. My great-grandfather owned a newspaper about 100 years ago. In fact, he started the first paper ever printed in England. Within a few years, cheap newspapers followed all around England. Then his son was a newspaper proprietor, continued on the family business which got bigger and bigger, and he became wealthy. It's a damn newspaper. It will grow now, it's a local paper called *The Scottish Advertiser*.

Maclean's: Do you see yourself then as a descendant of your ancestry for the public?

Morris: Well, in a way, it's very natural if you enjoy something to want to communicate it to other people. I think the main thing is that the specialist's fear of popularization. It's not as much that I had an urge to popularize my work as that other people have a fear of doing so.

Maclean's: Communicating among themselves rather than with the public.

Morris: Well, yes, there is a kind of direct approach to the academic world. It seems to me to be the degrading of the best of what they are doing. In which is it to be a scientist.

Maclean's: Your critics have said that word. They also say you generalize and that you are a bit of a speculator for the first.

Morris: Oh, I think that is perfectly true. Absolutely true. And my answer to that is that I have written books in which I have

put in depressed classes, quality of phenomena, economic, carefully balanced accounts and so forth, and no one ever made them. When I wrote *The Naked Ape*, I said to myself I'm going over the top with this one. I'm going to go 20% further than I dare go and I'm going to dare myself to go 20% further than I know I should go, right over the top, and I'm going to let it land and I'm going to get their damn noses because I would rather communicate with people who are people, make them argue, make them think, even if the process is over-representing. I am in danger of doing the thing you and I when I wrote *The Naked Ape*. I hope in my mind the reader, which is what most academics don't do. If they do try to write a popular book, because they haven't been trained in it, they appear to be writing for some curious sort of mentally retarded crowd and they become unconvincing.

Maclean's: Kenneth Lorenz attacked the same kind of criticism that you have for some of his books. On *Aggression* and *King Solomon's Ring*, out now he's a Nobel Laureate and presumably has received his reputation for the field.

Morris: Well, no, Kenneth is a very controversial figure. He always has been. I had had the Nobel Prize. What Kenneth did of course, was to create a new branch of science, ethology. Inside that science, within animal behavior, anyone who knows him knows he is a genius. A genius in terms of observation, a very, very brilliant, accurate detection of tiny movements. When he says about that into the area of sort of human ideas and phre-

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☐ *The Eco-Save Book*. How to keep your car and maintain your car. 100 pages.

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...and so forth, we all need to witness a bit.

Maclean: *In your writing you often put out that men in danger of appearing but not from his promise roots. Why should we hear our angels as usual?*

Maclean: The main danger is that if we—if you read to me that there's a new theory that we should stop viewing and people think that's unattainable it's just as we mean all the time doing it. Right. It's just crazy. I've pushed a stage, once deliberately because one one would argue in favor of such a position. However, if you take another level of philosophy which says that people should not do this or should do that, people should live like this or people should live like that, the social structure should be like this, the pattern of life should be like that, and if it doesn't relate to something as human emotion, any or kind of behavior or whatever you like, then immediately you are into an area where people can actually start to believe some stupid philosophy which is based on the abstract character of the philosopher. And the scary aspect is that in this very often the thing that drives a man on to become a major power figure in a particular philosophy or political party or whatever, very often it is a personal observation of his own behavior. Because, you know, to be observed by successful ex-politico or philosophy or social pressure or power or gangsterism or whatever it is, it is not surprising that such people are abnormal, perhaps in some other private way as well. The danger is that the philosophers they put themselves to match their own idiosyncrasies may be way off the mainstream of our species and able to do evolutionary system with which we are stuck.

Maclean: *Or, if you are deliriously aware of the nature of the power that you have no choice about. Is it somehow suggest that we move in a different direction, we should have in mind that we can?*

Maclean: No, that's putting me too much into the political field. What I'm really saying is that delirious and tyrants are in fact going to get destroyed sooner or later. If they try and swing us too far one way or too far the other—and I don't care which way it is because I'm not a political animal—then sooner or later, and unfortunately it's often later and at the moment a lot of the people being chafed, beaten or lashed, the human animal will rebel.

Maclean: *What I see in the following thing about men is that he is a naked ape but why he's more a naked ape.*

Maclean: Yes, I agree. I agree with you. And it's why in *Maclean's* I tell all of that behind. Somebody said, "You don't mention animals much in the new book." I said, "No, no I've done that." I made the point with *The Naked Ape*. We do have a lot of things in common with other animals. We can benefit by making this comparison. But I started my case. I'm not going to go on swinging it. So, in the new book animals are hardly mentioned at all.

Maclean: *Maclean's is a remarkable record of what people have done in the "body language" in the past few years. It is easy to read, it's an accessible book, but what is its practical purpose?*

Maclean: The practical purpose of the book is simply to make people see the familiar in an unfamiliar way and, in any given phrase, "To enjoy the wonder of the commonplace." What I'm really saying is this: if you were an athlete say you wanted to run a race, you wouldn't just go along and slip. I want to run in this race. What you would do is start to exercise. You're about



In an urban society, sooner or later the demands of sexual curiosity overpower

standards, you'd have a mouth who would train you. You would learn about energy and balance and all that sort of stuff. You'd go into training, right? Then you'd run your race. And when you run it, you forget all about your training, you just run. But you have a trained body. What I'm trying to say is that—we all use our mother's instinct, emotions and body positions every day. And of course we respond to them. We understand but we haven't trained our eyes. The difference between the person who has read the book and becomes a macro-watcher and the ordinary person who just watches, is we all do, a thing training that you go through, those three stages. First of all, you see expression. You know what they mean, you get a message. Then you become a macro-watcher, you read the book, you study all of this and it becomes either analytical and it becomes conscious for a while there. You're doing the training process. At the end of it all you have a trained eye and the self-consciousness gone. I mean, you go into a room that is full of people and you can radiate in a social manner in the way you sit, stand, move a race. You don't get blown away more.

Maclean: *Okay, supposing you can do this, macro-watching, what good do you derive?*

Maclean: I agree you deep understanding of people that you meet. If you go, you very often a greater tolerance. It tells you just a little bit more, not a lot, but a little bit more, maybe just 5% more by intuition. But it's a valuable 5%.

Maclean: *It's a Hong Kong point two five per cent, you could look up while he was trying to say?*

Maclean: That's right. I mean it would be a complete record of the whole repertoire of human actions, gestures and postures, whether they were a good or not.

Maclean: *In the past you've been criticized by people who say that you are making a mistake to appeal to popular taste in science. Now you have produced a classic on the table book. You're really thanking your nose as the expert.*

Maclean: I already thanked it earlier when I said that, in my view, anyone who really cares about their subject must want to communicate it. And those people who don't want to communicate it are being mean, stuck up and often and I disagree very strongly of anyone who says, "My work is too grand or too special for most people to understand."

Maclean: *Are you looking under any particular star? In your science room probably actually work after that?*

Maclean: Well, no. I mean my next book in 10 days (God help me!) and I have to have finished in a few months. The three conditions we're producing an academic book called *General Maps* which is all being run through computers and it's all very quantitative and it's all science. But writing that book will be a joy because it's much easier to write academic books. You can put in all the bits and the dependent clauses, qualifying phrases, the footnotes. It's very very difficult to write popular things because you have to think about the audience. You have to be sure that you're communicating your idea and you have to reduce to the minimum the distortions that come with simplification.

Maclean: *Our previous novel drew you refer to in book *The Naked Ape* and *Maclean's*, are they compatible with the kind of life that modern day man is trying to do?*

Maclean: Not exactly, no. One problem is that man has an enormous curiosity, an intense curiosity. It's one of his great strengths. This level of curiosity is so powerful. I've given it a name. I call it the macro-logic—the love of the new, the love of the novel. That is so strong that it makes a whole lot of sense where it doesn't really belong and one of the problems is, we're in love, it's impossible to manage this. That's the whole pattern of family life which is quite clearly based on the ability to fall in love. In modern society men and women partnered upon the city in a way they never got married in a rural society. In contrast, men and women are meeting who are strangers and who are suddenly attracted to one another. And so you get exploratory



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act, because when a man and a woman just want to share a special occasion or rather the same way you want to see the latest play or see the newest film or wear the latest clothes or whatever it is. It becomes a fight to identify ourselves because you want to find out what that particular person is going to be like when talking love. And this curiosity is so strong that it clashes with the basic function, really, of sexual behavior which is to please the family and. You're in danger of creating a new loving bond with this person that you've just started having a curious satisfaction with. And now you've suddenly got two bonds going, two attachments going, and they clash. All you wanted was to satisfy your curiosity about what this other person would be like in bed. And once you've found out, instead of saying, "Gee, thank that was great," suddenly love is on the scene and love means caring and so on. There's no position in a village because the relationships are more stable. But when you get into an urban society where people are encountering other young and very occasionally active members of the opposite sex almost every day of the week, sooner or later the demands of femininity are going to overtake you. It's opportunist.

Morrise: I'm always had to say that because people have always sort of misandromed me when I talk about this. Yes, yes, when our species was evolving we developed a division of labor between the males and females. The males went off hunting and the females went. So, gathering, preparing food, looking after the babies and so on in the tribal home. Now, although there was a division of labor, the females were not second citizens. They were right at the heart of where the action was. Now we change the scene and we come to a urban situation and what have we got? We don't have the center of the action in the domestic suburb outside the city with a little housing ground in the distance. Housing now has become work. What we do in the city and they do in the suburbs is different. It's where it's all in. Now the women are stuck in some God-awful domestic out there with nothing to do except clean up messes and find a white soap powder and all the rest of it. And that has become a guarantee to the female male power because the females were always in an important and just to serve as the males. But there was a difference. I mean, women and men are different not only in their anatomy but in their behavior.

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Women should try to go further than just equal social status, to merely match the man

girls are taught to sit there and play with dolls and little boys are given guns to play with and it's the parents who make them different. But careful trades are now being earned out which embrace very, very clearly that there are all kinds of genital in which men and women obviously—referring to little girls—between different, where there is no parents put on them to behave differently. I am not entirely knowing, so you put it, because I do know of this research and I like to believe about it. But to answer your original question, what about the new scene? The answer is quite simply that the females are expanding where it is in the urban revolution that do them in. Because when men decided to convert hunting into working and working replaced hunting as a masculine pursuit and the town and the city become the center of action, women were left out and they felt angry about it. The male reacted or behaved tyrannically toward the females over the centuries. And now, happily, that tyranny is being reduced.

Morrise: And what is the alternative? **Morrise:** The alternative, and I have found

one or two feminists—women's lib, or whatever the word is—anyhow I have found one or two who actually, in my surprise, through quite a different channel of thinking, have come to the same conclusion which is that the measure of urban society has to be changed. It's terrible that women don't get equal pay. That is absolutely indefensible. But to get that right isn't enough because if they get equal pay what they're getting is equal pay for behaving as if they're men. It's talk of how to get to that equal social status. But they want to go and they should go further. And what I mean by going further is not trying to match the man but to actually get back to a situation where they are the center of where the action is.

Morrise: You were a curator of mammals at the London Zoo for about eight years. Do you miss your flock? **Morrise:** A bit occasionally. When I finished *Mammalogy*, I had a chance to refresh myself with a safari in Africa. Those were marvellous days. It was wonderful to get back to being surrounded by elephants and giraffes. It's the sheer beauty of the variety of animal life that delights me.

Morrise: Do you have house pets? **Morrise:** We did until quite recently. We had a Chinese water deer, a dwarf deer. She died only last year, just short of a world record for longevity in that she survived 10 years and some months and the world record is something like 11 years and 11 days. She moved with us from London to Oxford. When she was young and vigorous she got onto the London Underground and I had to pursue her with a stick-bait batonny net.

Morrise: After your experience with zoo, what do you think of lions? **Morrise:** One of the reasons I left the London Zoo is because I was more and more aware of the damage that confinement can do to animals. I didn't like the idea of getting animals from the wild and putting them in a restricted conditions. What we needed were much more extensive spaces. The elephants in England now live in vast parks where the animals roam at large spaces. I've never been to see a woman, I would like to be sure that in the women the animals don't suffer. In the men they are kept in cages tighter than they are in Africa. One night while we were in Africa, poachers killed three rhinos, eight elephants and one game warden. Hundreds of tons of ivory are being exported to the Orient for trunks. I'm afraid the desire of the conservationists to bring wildlife back to a organized conservation policy depends on political stability and a tourism industry. How many tourists are going to Uganda now? Who has time to worry about the plight of the animals when it's their old "old and cold" as I have children, but I don't want to see our disappearance altogether. One day there will be a united Africa and the Africans are going to say, "What's become of our animals?" Our aim or dream will be able to end them loose and charitable.



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Will this country ever learn the danger of the politics of hate?

Column by J. L. Granatstein

Canadians have learned nothing from their past. To listen to the discussion about separation today is to become convinced that too many English Canadians still believe that their way of running Canada is the only way, that the *Plan of Amalgamation* in 1793 settled everything, and that the British North America Act of 1867 is holy writ, offering the last word on the rights of the

colonies in finding the manpower needed to maintain the Canadian brigade in action. Particularly, there were problems in recruiting enough French-Canadian infantry to maintain the Royal 22nd Regiment in strength and to keep its French-Canadian character.

Why? Why were there such difficulties with Quebec in the war years? The answer

shedded, although these facts were clear. For English Canadians, when Britain went to war Canada had to go too. And if Britain had stayed out when Hitler attacked Poland, Canada would have stayed neutral as well. This was not enough for French Canada. Britain's interests were not Canada's and while they would be prepared to defend

Canada against all comers, the French Canadians were simply not prepared to be conscripted to fight in someone else's war. That view was narrow one, one that neglected the danger of the threat, but it was an understandable and a defensible view. But few in English Canada tried to understand. Most reactions were of the spluttering kind, and Toronto observers would never understand, either in 1915 or 1942, why appeals to King and Country were not enough to make them French-Canadian champions. And if they wouldn't volunteer, then, by God, they'd be made to fight by a Union government in 1917 that had not a French Canadian of stature in its ranks or by Maurice King's government in 1940 which had been pushed into a corner from which the only escape was a



lasted assurance of citizenship. French Canada would be made to fight—and to fight in an army that was English-speaking, that largely trained, organized and fought in a language that many Quebecers could not understand. The air force and the navy was no better, indeed, in their total disregard for French Canadians and their language, they were even less willing to adapt to Canadian realities than the army.

So it is no wonder that Quebec was cool to participation in the wars. We are not at war today, happily, but the lesson of those not-so-distant days has still to be learned. Mutual sharing has never permeated anyone of anything, and if we are not extremely careful a recrudescence today of that virgiled spirit of 1913 and 1944 will finally destroy our country.

French Canadians were nationalists. They believed that Canada's interests were as important as Britain's or France's or the United States'. In the view of their leaders, Canada's war was not being fought for Canadian national interests but for someone else's. That oversimplifies matters, but it seems to me accurate enough, and who can doubt, for example, that the Great War was a struggle of nationalisms into which Canada was plunged without a conscious act of her own? Even the Second World War, coming after a long process of constitutional evolution, that nominally had made Canada a nation rather than a colony, was a Canadian decision to go to war in 1939 for one reason alone: Britain had gone to war. It mattered little that Hitler was evil and that Nazism had to be

are complex, too much so to be dealt with in a short article. But some points that will have some relevance to our own problems should be made.

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Meanwhile, our best resource in maintaining the balance between power supply and power demand is you. Your co-operation in using electricity wisely now is buying valuable time and will help to ensure that electric power will be available for years to come.



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Letters

Close Encounters Of A Fourth Kind?

Thanks for the very good story on Clive Sinclair (FHM, December 30). I share David Cobb's opinion of the film and welcome it for its solitary confirmation of my

late Clive and S.C. Clark, or of the values held by him, that you should not offend me as to warrant your rude account of a gun carriage forest (*That Way Mr. Would Have Wanted It*, December 12). One wonders whether you would have remarked similarly that the late President Kennedy's funeral showed "little of the new world."

A & GOOD POST MORE ONT

Adding Injury to Insult

Your coverage of the transportation hearings in Newfoundland in *The Fun's Not In The Gun* (December 26) describes all too well the problems of point-to-day travel in Newfoundland—insufficient space on buses, gas-station terminals, and the rest. The poor condition of the so-called Trans-Canada Highway is well known. What is less well known is that it is mostly overgrown by civ's trucks that have made it that way. A previous study on Newfoundland transport found that the railway was in good shape and suggested that civ try piggy-backing. This civ did not do so as a product of selfish greed and distant management. To suggest that the railway should be shut down, so civ can go out and completely destroy a highway to be rebuilt by the "savages" thus guaranteed, is to suggest "tying a wing" by "jumping the victim."

MARLYN M. COW, CHELSEA, QUE.

Sometimes the Good Guy Wins

Left Livestock is credited to her basic opinion of another Miss America Chancer (December 12) but here's one thing I must point out, James Chan, the all-American hero (but not in this film) does not win the

race—the Indian boy on foot wins as the all-American David greets.

TON EBERHARDT, OTTAWA

They are what they eat—and don't eat! Why (*Probably*) *Why Can't I Eat?* (November 20) points a dismal picture aimed for parents of learning-disabled children. One father you must live in Toronto and be able to pay \$5,000 for private schooling to get help. This is not true. Living in a small city and not having that kind of income, I had to come up with a reason for the children's problems. In my work with Indians I found many children coming to my office with one or more complaints, yet often I could find nothing wrong. Many of these children admit to strange perceptual problems, but only if they are asked about them. About 100 to 300 answer "yes" to such questions as "Do words move when you look at them? Do numbers go back and forth? Does the ground seem to move when you walk?" They are learning disabled, many failed their grades, they're hard to handle and they are not interested in school because of these disorders.

It can affect any or all the special and other senses of the body and, because the mind plays tricks, they complain of pains and aches. They have what I call subclinical pellagra (a vitamin deficiency condition). It will respond to diet and vitamins. Such a child should be given no pulses of vitamin B3, niacin or its analogs and be instructed to stop eating junk food. This restoration includes foods made from highly refined carbohydrates like flour, sugar and starch. If this is done, the child will improve in about a month. Using niacinous vitamins, the children can be cleared over-



Cory Gully and Melissa Simon in "Close Encounters," a new hope for the future.

own feelings. I went ready to be confronted and taken every last bit of disappointment with them and for them. Still, I admire Steve Spielberg. One consolation: the great movie to connect the world can relieve me by me.

MODEL/PAINTER TONYO

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A newly placed work

I suggest that you consider employing film reviewers with tongues not dipped in acid. What is now appearing in a film review is witty, snappy and lacy. The two (11 and December 12) appear to be in complete haste to see who can produce the worst, nastiest review. Writing a good review can be an art and none of these three critics appears to know or care enough about this to produce a good, sensitive article that is a critical appraisal of a film but doesn't resort to impetuous car burns.

MARGARET TERRILL, MONTREAL

Many thanks for the excellent review of the fantastically hepted *Chloe Goodwin* (Q) *The Third Kiss* (December 20). I felt I should thank you for exposing the fraud film in such succinct and intelligent comments. I was really impressed by the acidity of the advice publicly and greatly disappointed in the film.

KEVIN KEALE, TORONTO

Still the best deal in town

I would like to point out that the major portion of deliveries carried out in Canada are done by family physicians, not obstetricians as you state in *Birthdays at Midway* (Q) *The House* (December 17). The same month then comparing the salary of a midwife of \$14,000 to \$16,000 per year versus the net income of an obstetrician at \$50,000, is doubly misleading in a second aspect as well. Presumably, the \$14,000 to \$16,000 per year plus fringe benefits and a 40-hour week, whereas family physicians and obstetricians provide virtually around-the-clock coverage. Presumably, it takes four such men to provide the same hours of coverage as one family physician or obstetrician, whose three employees work up an end cost.

GARY A. LERSON, MD, PRESIDENT
ONTARIO-CHARTERED COLLEGE OF FAMILY
PHYSICIANS OF CANADA
WILLOWDALE, ONT.

The \$7,000 misstatement

I wish to correct the *Globe* impression that I acquired the Old Ford for \$7,000 as reported in *My Wife's Long Lost Love* (December 17). I received \$7,000 of value on money in Second City, a separate contribution to the Old Ford. Dr. W. P. Callahan, the president of Niagara House Limited, invested further monies in the Old Ford, making it possible for both companies to shake what was now considered one of North America's premier mansions.

ANDREW A. KANDLER, PRODUCER
THE OLD FORD LTD., TORONTO

The only way to learn

Judy Debbins article *Who Are These Kids So Bold?* (Q) *Meowman* (December 12) via the Cyjanc and Taylor web project was excellent. I feel she captured the whole idea of Cyjanc and Taylor's class—the idea of learning through experience. I was a member of their class last year and I have

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a long list of experiences that contributed to a great school year. In fact two major innovations I played the roles of a successful campaign manager and a rebellious reformer of BCTF. I believe participation is the key to learning.

PAUL DAVENSON
TORONTO

A secret admirer (with reservations)

I am amazed Walter Stewart's description of the semantical book promotion tour in Auckland (November 12) but I am afraid that when he deals with my book and experiences he did not get his facts straight. *Green Years* is not intended to lay bare the secrets of the book which he complains that I did not do. It is an exposure of the everyday played by federal and provincial bureaucracies based on my personal experiences working at both levels of government. This is stated on the cover jacket.

I was not asked to interview Jack Webster's radio show for being mentioned in Stewart's column. Instead I was told by Peter Warren in Winnipeg, after we were on the air that he would not have me on his show because I would not reveal my identity. At the time that the arrangement for my appearance was made, it was with the understanding that I would not be revealing my identity. If my only departure from a radio show was the truth at one point, it would be a radio show and not mine. Stewart also contends that I am not capable of accepting books in public. I am back. I also appeared in the book department of Simpson's Regina Store to promote this function. Fortunately I had a little better luck than he did since we sold about 15 books at the time I was there.

BERTALUCCI
WINTERBURN
EDMONTON

The Promised Land

Wendy Martin Mary Peate writes in *The Edmonton Debater* (November 28): Sometimes I depend on myself when possible by a house in California with only the occasional earth quake to concern me. "We have been 'making possible' in California," since August and we're leaving every minute of it. Oil causes there much to concern us. They go to the beach, the desert, or the mountains for the weekend. I finally like that! I wish I could move from Montreal to California, get "out of the thought of Ogilvy's department store." My accounts of Wendon are crystal clear. I was chased home from Ray's School more than once and was told "You don't look Jewish, and that's a compliment." In California, my new year old son is the only Jewish child in his class. He has Christmas, his teacher asked me to talk to the class about Christmas. I did so and after I hit the ocean and handed out trinkets, they came over and asked, "How I got to give your trinkets?" I was a third generation Mendelsohn but I never

felt at home there. We have met very nice native Californians, but the people we have met have been friendly, interesting and above all tolerant. ANBARA GOLDING
BIRMINGHAM, CALIFORNIA

Here's a smile in your eye

I thought about the photo seen on Sam Clark (December 12) and the photograph with which you chose to illustrate it. It would seem that you are "outgrowing the



Clark and fellow actor Gordon Tootoonas as recorded in "People's Playhouse Theatre."

house!" For stars, where you are using Plutarch methods to tell your magazine. As Melrose's is our national magazine, I should like to see a level of decency maintained throughout its pages.

HELEN WARELOCK
EDMONTON

Just who was the slow learner?

As a psychologist, working in the field of learning disabilities, I was interested in Why Johnny (Probably) Can't Read (November 28). My interest turned to disbelief as I read the last sentence in the first paragraph. I quote "... saved from repeating grade one for a fourth time by a teacher quick enough to detect his difficulties." The current focus is special education in a early childhood education and it is reflected in the screening procedures routinely carried out by psychologists and teachers in kindergarten, operated by or for school systems. Furthermore, the training of the majority of primary teachers emphasizes their awareness of possible learning difficulties in their students. Surely any teacher who is the first to conclude that a fourth time repetition in grade one has "deficiencies" can in no way be considered "quick."

PIERRE GARDINER
ALBERTA CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL
CALGARY

We were just taking pictures of a wedding in Crete when...



The father of the bride asked us to join in the fun. Join them we did, for two solid days of laughing and eating and dancing and being Greek. That was our introduction to the ancient island kingdom of Crete, home of the dead Minoan in his labyrinth.

It wasn't what we expected. We'd been told that the best way to really see Crete was by bus. So we did, and met the friendliest people wherever we went, and saw more of the countryside than we'd even hoped to. Everywhere, it seemed we were invited to waterfalls, skidoo, swim, sail, charter a catamaran, or just relax in the sun on miles of deserted beach.



I think this is where the wedding took place...we saw so many churches!

Well, almost deserted, from time to time, we shared our stretch of beach with a couple of sunbathered little boys in search of buried treasure. Or with a family that, with shy smiles and broken English, told us they thought it rather nice we'd chosen Crete to visit.



We took this shot shortly after dawn, as we laid the beach to ourselves.



In Heraklion, we visited the Archaeological Museum where we saw frescoes dating back to the days of King Minos. In the city itself, we were stunned by its contrasts. One view might be dominated by proud Venetian buildings, another by a busy shopping promenade, yet another by a peaceful village square ringed with quiet cafes.

By day, we immersed ourselves in the history of the island.

By night, we visited the island's tavernas and were caught up in the atmosphere created by a people who co-exist to enjoy life. The people of Greece make a holiday more than just sight seeing and sun.

The people of Greece want you to visit. Not just once, but whenever you can...just as you do with friends.



This is one of the places we stayed...typical of Cretan hotels.

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Macleans

JANUARY 23, 1978

Preview

Eat your heart out, Hans Brinker

Oddly enough, for all the mythology about daylong outings on frozen ponds, Canadian men have never been much of a concern in the world of skating—very fast, without-a-dick-to-lean-on. There hasn't been a Canadian male speed skating world champion since Winnipeg's Jack McCulloch beat a bunch of other Canadians, a Norwegian and a German in Montreal back in 1897, nor has there been a world championship held here since. And the history of Canadian men's speed skating since includes but four bronze medals and a silver in the 1932 Lake Placid Olympics and a statue erected in Saint John, New Brunswick, in the memory of Charlie Gossau, who used to zip away with his challengers' wind back in the 1920s. Happily, though, there is now Gaston Boucher, a 19-year-old from Ste. Foy, Quebec, touted as the Most-Likely-To-Succeed when the World Junior Championships come to Montreal on February 4-5. He'll be coming fresh from impressive victories in West Germany and Italy (where he won three out of four races, falling in the fourth), bringing with him an infallible philosophy: "It's really very simple—to beat the best, you've got to be the best."



Boucher, the iceman cometh

now, the first by 870 (formerly Bachman-Turner Overdrive) without Randy Bachman. The second is *Survivors*, the first solo album Bachman has done since leaving BTO. It's due in March. Of the two, *Survivors*, with backup from Burton Cummings and the Marchand Transfer, promises to be the most interesting: it will, in 10 tracks, explore the history of rock style from the Pillbox through to the present, the title refers to people such as Rod Stewart, Steve Miller and Bachman himself, who have gone from obscurity to stardom to obscurity and back to stardom Miller (*Fly Like An Eagle*, *Take The Money And Run*) is committed to back up Bachman on his next album, but there is apparently no substance to the rumor that the two—now very close friends—are planning to link up formally.

Let us now praise famous women

When the United States Bureau of the Mint recommends this spring that a new, smallish dollar coin be introduced there is heard to be controversy. But the real screaming match will come when it's decided who should be on the new coin. Aziz Taylor Merton, the U.S. treasurer, wants a famous American woman on it, and has drawn up a list of 15 possibilities—none of whom will she reveal. The first argument will centre on whether or not it should be a woman; the second will focus on which woman. Betty Ross, who sewed Old Glory, is apparently off-the-table, as is a fellow Texan Susan B. Anthony and professional-writer-a-passion Carry Nation. Such things are taken seriously, because it might be nice to have Lizzie Borden, or Bonnie Parker or even Marilyn Monroe



Father and child doing well

When the next two months a couple of rock albums of special significance will be released. The first will be *Street Art*



That's not sick, that's funny!

Over the past few years American publications have discovered Toronto and deemed it good; for a while it was flattering, then it got a little embarrassing. One U.S. magazine did not jump on the Toronto bandwagon, however—until now. In early February the National Lampoon will be on the stands with its Spring Fecund Preview issue, featuring an eight-page supplement on Toronto. "I had just returned from Toronto where we had decided to preview 'Toronto,'" explained Sean Kelly, the Canadian-born and-based staff writer and editor. "My feeling was that it had to be the future and it is Toronto. It isn't personally but it works, it functions, it's clever and the brains run on time. And the real needies have jobs cleaning the toilets..." Canadian content in the *Lampoon* goes back almost to its inception more than seven years ago. It includes a semi-regular "Canadian Corner," a cartoon strip, and a *Weekend* a few years ago that featured the now infamous Monroe-as-PG



Kelly and the *Lampoon* classic show them no mercy

Canada

Here Comes Mr. Ryan

JUST PAINTING
MY SMILE



When Claude Ryan walked through a room filled with applauding admirers in Montreal's Meridien Hotel and announced his candidacy for the Quebec Liberal leadership earlier this month, he instantly became the front runner to head the battered party. Although he had made "a firm and irrevocable decision" in November not to seek the leadership, he now grounded down at his supporters and used an "agreed procedure" and then launched against his first decision—to be the man taking the program.

The day before, Raymond Grenier, a 45-year-old economist and Ryan's principal rival so far, had launched his campaign with a pocket of glossy photographs, Ryan and Grenier—both, bearing that Ryan was announcing, insisted that he was pleased at the news. "The more prominent my opponent, the stronger I will be when I run," said the former deputy minister in the Robert Bourassa government that René Lévesque defeated 16 months ago.

Ryan will be the moving target for all subsequent candidates, and the extent to which he can explore the steps and arrows between now and the April 15 leadership vote will be a prime indication of how he would handle opposition from the Parti Québécois. Grenier gave a hint of what one of the lines of attack may be when he was told that many people considered Ryan would automatically be the leading candidate. "It's above all the English press which has said that," Grenier quipped. "I will be the candidate of the

francophones." He left around the suggestion that Ryan would be the candidate of the anglophones.

It was Ryan's feeling that he could not lead the Liberal Party organizers that made him decide to say no in a leadership try-out in November, and it was the confirmation of those feelings that brought him to the brink of saying no again. But the swirling events that Ryan received from delegates to a Liberal policy convention in November made him realize that the possibility was still open, and he commented that his door was "closed, but not locked." Then, Liberal supporter and chairman Paul Deschênes held a meeting of Liberal organizers in December, which also endorsed strong support for Ryan.

Over the holidays, Ryan reached the conclusion that he would run, provided some "ifs" could be resolved. On the evening of January 4, he met with a group of 35 people who form the basis of his campaign, and agreement was reached on his conditions. They indicated a "conjugate salary" equivalent to what he was making as publisher of *Le Devoir* (reportedly \$30,000) and a promise that he would not be bound by the economic policies passed by the party in November, which he found too right-wing and doctrinaire in their opposition to state intervention in the economy. Finally, he insisted on loyalty: the people present could have no connection with any other group or figure in the party, and must stick with him until the convention.

Like that Wednesday night, it seemed certain Ryan was going to go for it. But by the January 6-8 weekend, he had come within a hair of calling off the whole adventure. On Friday, he learned that roughly the kind of supurbane questioning he had been most afraid of had been going on. "I was worried that I might be drawn in with promises of support, and then have the rug pulled out from under me by people who would say 'We needed a non-Liberal to give credibility to the campaign.'" Even by the previous Wednesday, he had learned that some of the members of the National Assembly who had promised support were backing off. Then, on Friday morning, Ryan learned that one of the organizers he was counting on was close to Paul Deschênes and that in addition information was leaking regularly to the Grenier campaign.

What was almost the last straw came after Friday lunch. A friend told shared at the St. Denis Club and had heard Deschênes attacking Ryan, saying "He's the one to beat, he never was a Liberal. We don't need a guy like him." When Michel Roy, editor-in-chief (and now Ryan's treasurer) at *Le Devoir* came back from lunch, he was surprised to find that Ryan had written an article saying why he would not run, which he wanted published in Saturday's paper. "Look, Mr. Ryan thousands of people are counting on you," Roy pressed. "At least take the weekend to think it over."

Deeply depressed, Ryan went to Quebec City for a family function, and also telephoned an old friend, John Gossens—a former Liberal cabinet minister now in the Liberal caucus. Gossens assured him that Deschênes' power was waning in the party, and warned him not to make any rash decisions until the two of them could talk. Ryan returned to Montreal Saturday night—and the article Ryan Gossens made his.

By Monday, Ryan told his colleagues at *Le Devoir*, and wrote his letter of resignation as publisher which he presented to the board of directors Monday night. And, as the final cord was cut with the newspaper, he had served for more than 15 years. Claude Ryan wept.

way to Montreal through a snowstorm. They talked for four hours, and Gossens agreed to become principal organizer of the campaign. Then, Ryan's older brother, Gerald a judge, and his younger brother, Yves, mayor of Montreal North, went to the house and, with a few close advisors, the decision was sealed shortly after midnight Sunday.

On Monday, Ryan told his colleagues at *Le Devoir*, and wrote his letter of resignation as publisher which he presented to the board of directors Monday night. And, as the final cord was cut with the newspaper, he had served for more than 15 years. Claude Ryan wept.

Wielding a thin and great white craggy features and canines of them would trigger at 52 (he will turn 53 on January 28) Ryan has kept the entire flagrant style and

the pungent earliness of the parish priest his mother feared he would become. Before joining *Le Devoir*, Ryan had spent 17 years as secretary-general of L'Action Catholique Canadienne, a group coordinating Catholic lay active groups, and he is still a deeply religious man. "He is in the tradition of spiritual advent to man of power," one colleague commented.

Francis Trudeau, one man who received such counsel from Ryan long before he achieved power in the early 1980s, Trudeau passed through Rome on his way to the Fiat plant, while Ryan was taking a substantial year sabbatical church hockey. Friends, they had a long lunch together, and Ryan urged Trudeau to rid himself of his worldly possessions. It was not the last time Trudeau would disregard Ryan's advice.

By coincidence, Ryan, Trudeau and René Lévesque all have one personal experience in common. All of their fathers died at an early age, and the sons were raised by their mothers. Several women.

Blonde Ryan, still a vigorous and forthright woman at 78, was left alone to raise three boys in 1915, when Claude was three (Claude and Lévesque both lost their fathers when they were in their early teens).

When he was 33, Ryan decided to get married, and with a daughters that characterized the man, picked Madeleine Gossens, a woman he had worked with for several years in L'Action Catholique Canadienne. "Claude wanted me to divorce and that we should continue to work together in another business," recalls Mme Ryan with a fond chuckle. Six months later they were married. They now have five children, ranging in age from 16 to 18.

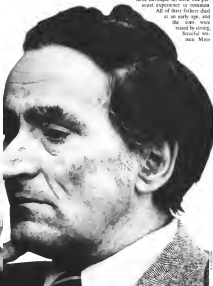
Joining *Le Devoir* in 1962 as an editorial



Ryan (left) and Gossens (above) with Vincent Blais. He says Quebec Liberals, he must wonder if he needs any assistance

writer, Ryan became publisher two years later. Continuing as an editorial writer in the extraordinary Montreal daily with a prestige that rises far above its circulation of 40,000, he quickly became a somewhat vocal in Quebec with an impressive reputation that rapidly spread across Canada as he encouraged the country exploring its province's aptitudes in English Canada.

The reputation he brought to the Liberal Party is a complete one: an extraordinarily loyal man, he is renowned for his right-wing ways. The newspaper could not afford to be lavish and it was a point of pride with Ryan that politicians would meet him at his hotel room on my rue Notre-Dame hotel. His capacity for work is legendary—reporters said with one day the paper was having trouble getting translated into French a large government report of which they had acquired a linked copy. Ryan took it home and did it himself. One occasion more he would devote government reports and tables and then, with surprising speed, would bring out his columns weighing arguments and outcomes.



CLAUDE RYAN



Ryan in contemplation during the 1970 Quebec Crisis: a spiritual dimension

with extraordinary calm and the profoundest deliberation of a spiritual master.

The presence and moral authority of the man who is now on the margins looking dejectedly sidelong at the balance of power in Quebec—not only between the Parti Québécois and the federalist opposition forces, but between Quebec and Quebec. For Ryan has been for Ryan as he has been of Pierre Trudeau as he has been of René Lévesque, and Ryan as Liberal leader in stout opposition as Lévesque could neither Trudeau's nor Lévesque's shadow in this year's federal election campaign. Ryan has presided the need for special action for Quebec ever since he joined *Le Devoir*. A Quebec Trudeau has always stalked. Ryan looked startled against Trudeau in the 1968 election and the anomaly between the two men peaked during the October Crisis, when *Le Devoir* attacked the unpopularity of the War Measures Act. In the period that followed, it

noted that Ryan might be rehashing his commitment to Canada. "Everybody thought that Claude Ryan was converting," recalls Jean Frenette, a senior editor at *Le Devoir*, and would lived "but that didn't last."

The belief that Ryan was moving away from federalism was such a sure beginning of the 1973 election campaign. René Lévesque personally asked Ryan to run as a candidate for the Parti Québécois. When Ryan not only refused but endorsed Trudeau's Liberals, the Parti Québécois felt betrayed, and it was announced in the establishment of the *Parti Le Jeune* is a subtle attempt to work revenge on *Le Devoir*.

In his light for the leadership, Ryan will be attacked not only as a traitor but as someone who actually endorsed the riot two days before the first election. Liberal opponents are worried that in a party where assassination of Montreal is strong, he may be too urban, too abstract, too intellectual, too cold. But there are two styles to Claude Ryan. In writing, seeking a tone and style of English, he can appear formal, cold, aloof, efficient and professional. But in conversation he can be blunt, funny, earthy, almost brazenly frank—punctuating his statements with a moan like that which he has like a clock in.

Now the Liberals can have both Claude Ryan. His once the style may capture the public's imagination, as did Pierre Trudeau's 10 years ago. Or, like another politician that he admires, Robert Schreier, Ryan may find that if he wins the leadership in one year, a distinct possibility, the unpopularity debate takes a radical shift toward special status for Quebec.

GRAHAM FRASER

MONTREAL

A nasty case of Sun-burn

The spangled graffiti was scratched soon after (good evidence). That indigenous reaction to Sun Life Assurance Company's decision to move its head office to Toronto turned the grey granite walls of the firm's world-class building on Dominion Square which has symbolized the wealth and power of Montreal's English business establishment. Once considered the most secure nest of the British Empire, Sun Life's bold move has been hailed for its Crown jewels and the British Treasury's stock of gold resented from wartime London. Now, Sun Life itself is doing the fleeing, from a rapidly evolving Quebec that has no place for firms clinging to colonialist sentiment from the angling French majority.

For English Montrealers, already denigrated by the forces of non-stay signs growing over suburban houses, society would not have been grimmer if the real Provincial Insurance Companies of America had not announced in world New York the Rock of Gibraltar Act, though it returned from unpopularity public reputation. The Parti Québécois government wel-



comed Sun Life's departure because the immediate economic damage is supposed by the movement it gives the cause of independence. Such an idea to Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau. "It's a political move, but not in the whole side is doing all the walking."

English Montrealers' national unity groups, Toronto business leaders and federal politicians wanted to preserve the implications of the move more than Sun Life's own directors and officers who have heard down in surprised silence when the protest came from their own side in the constitutional struggle. Federal Finance Minister Jean Charest has barely mentioned Sun Life president Thomas M. Galt and heard chairman Alvin M. Campbell in his office but could not make them even consider changing their minds. Negotiations resumed January 12 at 24 Sussex Drive when Prime Minister Trudeau and Charest had another go at Galt and Campbell. That two men remained in Montreal Saturday to a quickly convened meeting of directors which made one conclusion to the federal politicians. Sun Life agreed to delay its decision, which originally was to be made at the end of January, by about three months so that policyholders voting by specific proxies could be consulted on the specific issue of the move. But with most of the 92,000 participating policyholders living outside Canada, thus leaving little direct interest in the country's political stability, the decision is unlikely to go against the board's recommendation. Galt said that Trudeau predicted that the provinces would agree to guarantee money language rights across Canada. If so, Sun Life would reduce the number of people transferred to the new head office in Toronto.

But the actual announcement's damage had already been done. "It's helping to polarize people," said Charest, "and that's



The Sun Life building, Parizeau (left) and Galt. Quebec has not as much lost a company as the PQ has gained an issue

not helpful at all." Induced by further blurring of English words and causing confusion into English residents to fear among the French Sun Life only how close move to promote independence than the status of René Lévesque. The Premier accused the company of trying to "destabilize" the province by blurring the move on language law. If it was an attempt at disinformation it backfired.

Whether it was, as the company claimed, the language move, as the pro-Quebec charged, because Sun Life feared control over its investment activity, or even, as was speculated, because the company feared its Quebec interest was losing every potential customer, the move is the most spectacular in a series of movement threats and out of Quebec during the past year. The movement of money to property the province toward economic independence which political sovereignty is said will become a natural consequence.

At Anglo-Canadian business jobs out in capital and employees, now American and institutional money comes in with promises to respect Quebec's language and right to choose independence. A dozen

head offices moved divisions from Quebec during the first six months of the government, asking with them 350 employees who, according to unpublished government figures, were nearly all unilingual English. Among the movers: Northern Telecom, Canadian Pacific, Royal Trust, Bank of Montreal and Bank of Montreal. But investment companies for French Quebecers are replacing much of the lost business revenue. Canadian Industries Ltd. is making \$600 million into new chemical facilities, near Trois-Rivières, a division made by its British parent, Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd. In the Bay of Saguenay region, Alcan Aluminium Ltd. one third is owned, is spending \$200 million to replace and replace plants. Both companies, while favouring Canadian unity, say they will continue to produce in Quebec if independence arrives. But they caution that serious head office operations might leave Montreal if movement of personnel becomes impossible. Already, a firm's ex-

isting department has gone to Toronto. By far the most significant investments are by General Motors of Canada which spent \$36 million to raise its St-Hubert plant over to production of a new, mid-sized Oldsmobile and then decided to shut down its business by law in London, Ontario, and build a new plant in Quebec where 300 workers, formerly in French, will produce city buses for the whole Canadian market. The content of one and the provincial government is explained by the province's natural wealth, its traditional welcoming of American business and the enthusiasm of government's administrators. Quebec's aluminum and electricity are needed by car which, after a rocky start, learned faster than most Anglo-Canadian businesses how to win the loyalty of Quebecers. Language of work in such St-Hubert plant became a cause célèbre in 1970 when former premier Robert Bourassa sided with striking workers and threatened to legislate French onto the plant floor. Bill 21 language legislation was Quebec's delivery in last year's election. But can it survive for the 1974 race to convert Quebec production and management operations to French? Says corporate spokesman Nick Bell: "We're happy we did because it's certainly given us a bit of an edge." The 10% bill, he believes, has won Quebec for the Liberals' Bill 22. Quebec had cut an new negotiating a possible investment of \$400 million to employ 2,500 workers to make a start from our party.

In contrast to Galt's wish, Sun Life doesn't seem to have changed its position on subsidies, explaining even to inform the government of its move. Finance Minister Parizeau was humbled to learn the move in a midnight phone call from his Ottawa counterpart—and secretary—Jean Chrétien. Parizeau had in personally cracked down Sun Life president Galt for confirmation and Galt offered the excuse that an executive assigned to inform Quebec had not been able to do because he had a doctor's appointment.

Parizeau's reaction—a pledge to force Sun Life to invest \$400 million in Quebec no amount he says was collected as the province but revealed elsewhere—may have struck more at the root of Sun Life's decision than the language law. Language regulations for French officers invest in it would not, though the government has promised to be lenient, the company did not want.

Sun Life is almost a casualty of Montreal's English multinationals and even showed much welcome for French Quebecers despite their proven competence to the province business. Only 165 of the 1,400 head office employees and two of the 21 divisions are French. Finally, the company insists it is not leaving primarily because Quebec was preparing to impose the same investment requirements for insurers operating inside Quebec that the federal government applies for insurance companies within Canada as a whole. The firm



government has no business in the boardroom of the future. "Most private and public sectors have a difficult record at current conditions." Such as he points out, New Brunswick's dropping \$25 million on the striking sports car and the former Manitoba vice-governor's loss of \$20 million on the Southern Airway.

If the Longford government could be criticised for trying to do too much for too many, it would be for caution. "Heritage Trust Fund is not a risk fund," he says. "It is primarily a savings fund for Alberta's future. It was never meant to be anybody's investment portfolio." That attitude, combined with the government's sensitivity to investing in anything that could be seen as a political pork barrel, could ultimately handicap the Longford cabinet—or any cabinet—into investment postures until the fund grows into little more than the world's largest savings account. "At least that way," says the late's Blawie, "they couldn't buy water—or better investments." And yet he and his money manager colleagues cannot contain their professional frustration at being deprived of a crack at one of the largest cookie jars Canada has ever known.

WARREN SAGIN

One flew over the falcon's nest

The Western world has become familiar with the eccentricities of outrageously rich oil sheikhs who go on worldwide spending sprees while we stagger here one economic crisis to another. But at Vancouver earlier this month there unfolded a story of a transaction so decidedly odd that even some of those concerned with it wondered whether an enterprising university student had hit upon the hoax to end all hoaxes.



A peregrine falcon (above) and Bandar Singh; how things got a little wacky

If the province refused permission for the falcon project, some \$71 million worth of industrial contracts with oil companies would fall through. "If my uncle sees something he likes and then he doesn't get it, well, it's just too bad," the prince told one reporter.

The oil companies reacted with predictable indignation and some disbelief, based partly on the fact that none of the contracts had actually been signed. "We are not in the habit of trading wildlife for industrial development," snapped Sam Gould, Minister of Recreation and Conservation. Unlike the prince, Gould is a downtown Alberta citizen who collected Maximilian's Barnyard Hail, a bird that died in his



guests with news that, "back home, each falcon has its own nest—a color-coded jing with its name on it."

Prince Bandar next set off to visit his brother in Portland, Oregon, where he appeared in less charming form. The told Meade's he had been investigated in Vancouver's newspapers, and he was particularly concerned that he, a Muslim, had been called the Playboy Prince. "They will not love this back home," he complained. He also admitted the whole thing had turned into "a big waste" and that he really did not have in so as the bird's primary but only a private collector. "I wanted to discuss this delicately with the government," he said. "I didn't want any publicity," but he still wants to see "if I can get them here." If he gets them somewhere else.

JILLIAN TOSMAN



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To hell with Bob Dylan

Meet Rush. They're in it for the money

By Roy MacGregor

Across from the dressing-room door she stands, a single and sane keeping sane against her plain blatched check. Lips of lead lips, eyelids hair soft silk, a striking down to light jeans and high-lace boots—the stands apart from all others gathered this night for the Rush concert in Denver's Civic Hall. She has nothing in common with the actual crowd, mostly purple, mostly redneck, with a solid stomach's anxiety that begins when the Denver police—in familiar with the rumors of riot to with the crack of wood on skulls—forced the taken officers to open early at the. There is no air of abandonment about this girl. She will not be like the one with the long to go position Diego who earned the stage and tried to tear out the backstage's throat. Nor will she be like the step-brother girl in Atlanta who went up onto the stage to show the band her instruments. No, this one will wait. And see.

Behind the door opposite the girl is a table weighted down by cover: string, Concoisseur and Don Perignon. And around the table sit the members of Rush: Neil Peart, the carryed drummer with the ruckus's monochrome, Alex Lifeson, the blood-purifier with the Frens, Volant Frakes, and Geddy Lee, the bass player and singer who is recognized to a great extent of some time and thick black hair. They neither eat nor drink. They read—a history of the Russian Revolution, a philosophy primer, the autobiography of Agatha Christie. Time is consumed in a training page.

But the silence is broken by a girl outflanking the security guards and pushing through the door. She is not the one with the working coat, much younger, but it is herself in full bloom as confronted by some careless business. She starts absolutely not speak to Neil Peart about the song he has written on black holes a year since. "I read all about them in *Rush's Dignity*," she says in a cracked-up cadence. "I saved the article for you, didn't you? Well, I mean, isn't that?" like there's nothing out there.

Not up there, judging from Peart's total disinterest. He knows that this walking-talking blow-up doll who got lost in *Rush's Dignity* could never comprehend any account Carl Sagan's theory on Cygnus X-1—the black hole of Peart's song—but what is really out there is a heavy mix: two stars involve up about as much as with only one being visible. The other the black hole, merits no light, but because it does have gravity it possesses a tremendous amount of pull.

If she could understand that, then perhaps she could understand the odd phenomenon of Rush. All first light, all that is visible in Rush come from the three members of the group. The pull, however, comes from a yellow spiral of a man named Ray Dinsdale. No, many months ago Dinsdale sat in the North Toronto office surrounded by depressing day-long, the flowers and two \$14 shirts, all of which



Rush at Maple Leaf Gardens (above) and at Massey Hall (see right): typical live reaction (right) and the "Frasier" episode: Dinsdale—Lee, Lifeson and Peart

have been replaced these days with large plants, plush carpeting, brown cordless showerheads and push-parking. Over his expensive dress, he made a wood-stained sign of one word: *ATLAS*. Back then, however, hanging over his head was a minus sign in front of the \$23,000 his company had sunk into Rush, a heavy third mortgage on his home and a loaner demanding a minimum of 3 in a bank a disaster below all that other loaned.

But these days the stomach pains. Six gold albums in Canada and three in the United States in less than two years, sales of roughly 4.5 million record albums worldwide, perhaps the best recording contract in the business is \$250,000 advance on each new album and a remarkably high 16% royalty rate. Today no one drives around in Cadillacs. Counting Dinsdale and his business partner, Vic Wilson, Rush now lives by Keith's key,

several Mercedes in Japan, a Porsche and a Datsun pickup full of other play cars. And there are brand-new luxury homes to park them in front of. As for the big money—brought against them by an American for friends of contract (he was supposed to be a full partner, but the deal went sour)—it has been crisscrossed efficiently by a \$350,000 out-of-court settlement.

A single red rose costs only a half-dollar and in some ways seems a proper symbol for a far more exquisite time, a time long lost and laddered these days by lyrics such as the ones Rush has written. "Once we loved the flowers," he wrote the phrase of land. "But in the world of pop music the rose's message grows: do with me what you will." Unfortunately for the girl with the apple hair, the band doesn't even want to be charged out of the dressing room and up onto the stage, hurrying to deliver their own word.

The first chord from Alex Lifeson's guitar builds up through \$100,000 of element consequences and Geddy Lee's high falsetto cuts like a diamond disk through what may well be the loudest sound in rock music. He stands first stage left, without his glasses, and his vision ends where the sheer night of music begins, meaning he can see into the heavy slugging and pushing of the front line over where the bulk of thirty guards are taking out life's small disappointments in 16-year-old heads. He can't see the Frakes that darts out of the dark into his shirt or the marijuana south that speaks against his face. "You can't," he has said just before the show, "tell whether they do it because they like you or hate you." About performing he has said: "You stand there and you shut your eyes, you lean back and relax. You don't think this great, you're more of a player. And it goes and goes and you feel it wash all over you, and you say 'Wow! I did that!'"

And the cheering grows. Lee launches into the title song to their latest album, *Afterweld To Kings*, the words rising out of the smoke like aim under pressure.

When they turn the page of history. When these days have passed long ago. Will they read of us with costume? For the words there is a law. Ah, but rock music used to be so simple, concerned as it was with hard-held fingers. Rush will have none of that, the group even has its own luxury restaurant—

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Domains in the office, notable by the absence of \$14 chairs, was on the other

Ayn Rand, the aging American author (*Atlas Shrugged*) and philosopher (*The Virtue of Solitude*) who has recently signed for decades that espouses in "The only system based on the life of a material being." Rand reads her passionately and passes her philosophy on to a massive young audience that otherwise would never hear of her. For Rand who was sometimes seen as the living incarnation of the campus radicals of the 1960s, it is a surprising and triumphant comeback.

The Rand philosophy came to the group through 23-year-old Neil Post, who writes most of the book's lyrics and who read *The Fountainhead* when he was growing up in St. Catharines, Ontario, and decided "For me it was a confirmation of all the things I felt as a young man that thought I was a socialist like everyone else seemed to—you know, why should anyone have more than anyone else?—but now I think socialism is clearly wrong by virtue of man himself." He now works in a factory responsible to say all men are brothers or that all men are created equal—they are not. "You have responsibility to no person."

"For us capitalism is a way of life," adds Lee. "It's an economic system built on those who can do, and succeed at it. For us it's a very material way of life. Your material things should give you pleasure."

Alan Lifeline, of the three early the latest concerned with the Rand idea, possibly gives the group's thinking in its most concrete when he talks about their sudden surge of spending money. "It feels good," he says. "It's not just reward for all the hard work."

Ten years ago Lee and Lifeline were 16-year-olds trying to find a meaning to their lives in Whitby, Ont. Shopping places Lee was, in the words of a close friend at the time, "the ugliest-looking kid I ever saw," courtesy of a manelike feature that only accentuated his large ears. Lifeline had his own troubles: too much was played in 12-hour bus come to any could pronounce. They were a perfect contrast to their close friend, Steve Skat, who was then a promising young hockey player with a cut-guitar figure and flame ob- viously waiting for him. Trouble was,

they wanted the same things out of life. "You could sit even this," says Skat, now the star left-winger with the Montreal Canadiens, "even before they were doing anything, that they were looking for something to pour their energies into. Then they started their band—and with the cut guitar after this."

They began in their parents' suburban basement, with another Whitbyville friend, John Kasey as drummer. The name "Rush" they took from a San Diego team referring to the small plodder that runs up steeped slopes and bunnies out hair or just to sit a time. And they were terrible: one of their big numbers in the early days was *Just One Rock* sung in Yugoslavian, the language of Lufkin's parents. Yet they had something so many other basement bands did not have: anything, relentless ambition.

Rush's first job was in The Caffe, a youth center in the basement of the local Anglican church and it was here that they met Ray Dunne who was then 16, a school dropout since 13. The son of a dyed-in-the-wool socialist, he was up from the bottom, Dunne possessed ambition that went even beyond the others. He hustled them into the competing United Church youth center with a better deal and from there into very high school gear that would take them. It was a hard sell—Rush was already working its own material and refusing to cover the Rolling Stones and Beatles of the day—but Dunne, thanks to a friendly and charming woman who makes her decisions through their playing into rented rooms to dance to such places as Salsbury for a \$30 concert (a lot, for the roughly \$100/000 they picked up for filling Maple Leaf Gardens two nights straight in late December). And soon they, too, had got school.

In some ways that turned out to be an essential element in their success. Their hockey-playing friend Steve Skat had already seen the darkness at the far end of the commitment tunnel, and they often talked about it. "You were real like you can't back out because there's nothing else you can do," says Skat. "You're got to hang in."

"I always knew if I didn't succeed with

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The group in concert, and Lee looks up who is John Galt? They are, for three

that I didn't even have the address to be a position," says Ray Donnell. "The key to our success is very simple: the number of hours we put in."

As the first was most fortunate for Donnell that he also booked the likes of Led Zeppelin and Edward Bear—and, in '72, had an income of \$50,000 a year—the Rush couldn't be given away. "Without a doubt they were the hardest act I had to sell," says Donnell. "Sometimes nobody came to see them, sometimes the guys were picked. And that's what convinced me they were the ones who could happen if anybody could."

It was a conviction he had no doubt to share with The critics I had heard about at the group. They once were nearly four months with only three engagements, and all in the same weekend. A girl friend was pregnant. Alex Lifeson was in his own words "pretty screwed up." There was little money and no record company interest. But it was then that Donnell and his partner Wilson took their big gamble. They booked a Toronto radio slot and cut their own record and \$40,000 later they had an album, something to take with them when they were knocking on the doors to the rock 'n' roll dream.

"Every record company in Canada turned us down, every last one of them," says Donnell. So he created his own label and discovered he'd been right, the sudden record label hanging around the guys wanted to buy Rush 24/7 in Canada were somewhat promising, and the early response in the States prompted the Chicago-based Mercury Records to offer Rush a \$100,000 recording contract and booking for a tour of America.

Donnell could hardly believe his luck. He moved quickly. The drummer, apparently ill and out in one condition in the other two, was replaced with Neil Peart the son of a mechanic who had tried to own his own farm machinery business

Peart was every bit as ambitious as Donnell, Lifeson and Lee, and Rush soon became probably the hardest-workers band in North America, performing in excess of 300 days a year. But there was no first record and few kind reviews, and after the band released their third album, *Caress of Steel*, so savage reviews they came close to packing it up. Lifeson hadn't been paid in three weeks, had a wife and child, and was getting by only on the money from his wedding. Peart's love was sitting in a gutter, waiting for him to raise enough to cover the repair bill. To make matters worse, the record company was exerting great pressure on them to become more commercial. But they decided to stick with it, no matter what. After all, as Donnell says, "They couldn't get any more than I could. What would we do—get a job?" He was now \$325,000 in the hole with Rush and had only six months to show for it.

But then suddenly and startlingly without explanation, the tide turned dramatically. Their next album, *2112*, came out "with acknowledged genius to the genius of Ayn Rand," as the jacket claimed.

What had happened was the team were simply catching up to Rush. Rather than being inspired in the past—by paying musicians and unnecessary homage to the louder British bands of the late Sixties (Cream, Led Zeppelin), Rush was, in fact, a whole new generation of rock music. Unlike their British predecessors, Rush had no casual roots in the blues tradition, and hence had little empathy for the common folk. And their own alone meant that they held no kinder love for the social conscience of a Bob Dylan or Phil Ochs. For that matter, even in the latest poster of a Black Dagger. Rush was, on the average, a full decade younger than the ruling class of modern pop music. They found themselves speaking for a large group of young rockers without politicians—a group who, despite their love of love, violent wars, were. Donnell, says nevertheless, highly conservative and certainly self-conscious. It was precisely in Ray Donnell's

strong opinion: "Rush isn't meant for people our age."

In fact, the members are a total enigma to those used to the hard-rock tradition of rock and roll. Their music may be powerful in some ways, but the members themselves are quiet-spoken, polite and composed. Two years ago Lee had a tradition of Jewish wedding. He had his wife, happily married in 1970. Peart invests money in his father's business, Lifeson invests in classical music, not rock, as his spare time and devotion one day of performing with the Toronto Symphony. As their own manager says about the band's lifestyle, "These guys are pure home to most music people."

Why they survived and became so successful has little to do with musical virtuosity talent and a lot to do with hard, hard work. "It's like when I phone up a discussion and he comes and gives me good service," says Neil Peart. "I'll call him back again and maybe recommend him to someone else." The road show is superb in visual terms and two hours in length, and their vast audience is ample evidence that there are many who love their music. Nobody can ignore them anymore.

It is a satisfaction that translates into such things as the full house at Denver's Coors Hall, where on this cold December night the balls still echo with the broken football sound of Geddy Lee's voice as Neil Peart's record, *Caress of Steel*.

In the hotel room back from the ball Neil Peart sits along the window ledge, a late freighter moving down the St. Charles River and into his left shoulder. On the desk beside him his briefcase sits open, a hand-printed sign asking, was it seen? CA-7791 height and bearing. Galt was Ayco. Rush's main character in *2112*, *2112* was it a work record that at the end of the book John Galt raised his hand over the earth and made the sign of the dollar.

Peart smiles, wags, and looks down over the ball, the river, the Wauchope, looks down on Canada where they used to laugh at him. Below, out of sight behind the hall, a racketeer waits in the snow. <

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AIR CANADA



The miracle worker

If hockey ain't what it used to be, Gordie Howe is

By Robert Miller

It is late in a game long since won by the New England Whalers (final score: 7-2) but the supergripping it seemed Soviet All-Stars bring out in their skating. As the Russians beat around goalie Al Smith, the Whaler defense looks momentarily bewildered. Coach Harry Neale tops a furious sliding shoulder and Number Six over the boards, chugging into the action. Whap! Down goes a Russian. Crash! Down goes another one. And suddenly here's Gordie Howe, gliding sedately up the right wing, the puck in his divine right of elbow. The Russian goes close and over on the left wing, a young Whaler named Mark Howe (who knows the Russian, leading for the rest). The point of course is perfect Mark Howe scores with an assist from Dad. Later still, the Russians are again knocking the Whaler out and in the space of a few seconds, Number 9 goes down twice to block shots with his body, an assemblage of bone and muscle and ice that is extraordinary that one day it rarely must be used in brasserie or restaurant in the Northeast. The game ends and Soviet coach Boris Mayakov (his shakin has been in wardrobe) while Number 9 stands there, grinning, blocking back the crowd.

Gordie Howe in his 40th year, blacking shots against Russians? "Aw well," he says later, "you got Gordie going like the game and it just kinda happens." And the body check? "Yeah, well, I guess I drilled a couple of those guys." Drilled. That's Gordie Howe's word for what he's been doing to enemy players in various leagues over more than 40 years. A household word, even the only murder date in the sport happened in the Olympics facing Red Wings goalie, were in fact the Russians were out of action. A thousand goals ago.

The night the Whalers played the Soviets in the Hartford, Connecticut, Civic Center, Howe was honored in a pre-game ceremony for finally having scored more than 1,000 (regular season and play-off) National Hockey League and World Hockey Association). The 10,000 fans gave him an ovation and two of his teammates presented him with a commemorative gold puck. The teammates, of course, were his sons—winger Mark and defenseman Marty. On and off of the ice, the Howes like to keep it all in the family. And why not? It's just a family. Gordie is a certified married, his sons Mark and Marty are certified professional hockey men, third son Marty is a certified scholar as well as an up-and-coming hockey player himself. daughter Carly is the certified apple of her father's eye—hiding eyes on his computer

but high school and plays a summer wedding, and wife/mother/chief cheerleader Colleen, well, Colleen is the girl that holds it all together.

It's the century on, Gordie Howe is having the time of his life. He's also playing some excellent hockey, albeit in what is a somewhat less-than-competitive league. As mid-season approached, the Whalers were in first place in the west and Howe was the team's leading scorer, despite an injury-plagued 80-game stretch during which he was frustrated in his search for number 1,000. It came, finally, on a power play in Birmingham, Alabama, which is in the heart of Dixie and which says something about what is happening to Old Man Winter's game these days.

For the Howes of Detroit, Houston and now Hartford, it has not all been fun. There have been hard, both physical and mental, and finally, both corporate and individual. The family left Detroit hurt, but hopeful. It left Houston angry, but determined. It left Hartford in a big home on a 16-acre estate—and danger to be happy of last. Flame, fortune and Gordie's life flows have water and the family, and now the family as well as the New England Whalers named Gordie. His whole life is there in the rink, in the dressing room," says Colleen. "We can't wait to go to practice just to see what some of the younger members of the team will do or say next. That, he can't wait to go home to tell me about it. There are a lot of characters on this team, and they're always picking them at

Gordie. Why, the night he got his thousandth (his president Howard Bushman said Gordie to say a few words in the dressing room after the game) and do you know what they did? They paged him! Gordie loved it."

Not surprisingly, the players love Gordie. It is quite incredible that only three members of the Whalers—center Dave Kozak, winger John McKinnon and goalie Al Smith—were even born when Howe scored number one against Turk Broda



The Great One, flanked by sons Marty and Mark (top), and (clockwise) leading the Whalers, cheering after last Red Wings hit back in his last NHL playing days, taking on his Russians in 1974, and (right) in portrait.

and the Toronto Maple Leafs, back in 1946. Says Kozak, who is a pro's pro and who played against Howe in the '60s, for 11 seasons: "He's a fantastic guy, not just as a hockey player but as a man. The kids on this team are really awestruck by his presence." McKinnon, who is 40 now, has

polished a forensic bias about Howe: "When I broke in with the Red Wings in 1958, I used to tell people Gordie was amazing for his age. In 1959, Gordie was still amazing." His coach, Harry Neale, says bluntly that Howe is the "greatest athlete any of us have ever seen."

Watching Howe in his green track suit practicing one morning in Birmingham, Johnny F. Bussan, president of the Birmingham Bulls, chuckles: "He's unbelievable. As a great big old, look at him out there. Never raises a pencil." That particular morning, the sun has divided itself into U.S. and Canadian citizens for a loose scrimmage. Gordie is playing defense, slowing the kids, tapping them up, going them inside, even managing. They shoot back, forward, and unpredictable results. Every time the U.S. player in front of Gordie and the Canadian they line up on the blue line and sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

Also, the fun will soon be over for Gordie. Howe, father of hockey, back in the day and subject of many legends as he is, is the author of goals. "This is definitely it," Howe says. "I won't play next year." A thousand goals and a million more are enough. Next season he'll help the Whalers recruit and develop and spend some time at the rink for the Pittsburgh Steel Co. of Youngstown, Ohio, and leave the story to the kids of Gordie. Howe has retired before, but he's back again in September and to decide that maybe he ought to last out on one more year and go out and drill a few people.

Other sports have had their generic miracles. Olympic quarterback Garo Manda was still kicking field goals for the National Football League's Oakland Raiders at the age of 40.

Stanley Page was still picking his leg before he took his last home, Soccer's Sir Stanley Matthews led Stoke City into English football, becoming a legend in his own right. But no sport has ever had a performer so skilled and so old as hockey's Gordie Howe, whose physique is as responsible as his expertise for the high level of his game, on-ice performance. Howe not only looks like a player, he looks like a player who's less than half his age, in spite he can keep ahead of them. This is all the more remarkable when Howe says quietly in a nearby "The game today is much better than when I broke in. The players are bigger and they move a lot faster."

But don't they? Or, as an early critic once said, has hockey regressed in the decade since the war, expended? Certainly when there were only six major-league teams there were only 120 major-league jobs.

Now there are 28 teams calling themselves major-league, producing about 350 jobs. It seems clear that Howe's longevity, however much of a personal triumph as may be, is in part due to the decline rather than the improvement of his sport. Facilities have improved and salaries have gone up, but the three things Howe does well, earn roughly \$400,000 (this year) And the skills have become bigger and stronger, as Howe says. But the most remarkable is to come, rather than excitement, for the fans, financial institutions, nation, his business, for most of the owners, and the fans, rather than fun for many of the players.

North American hockey is not in good shape. The NHL has shrunk from 14 teams to eight after an ill-starred attempt last summer to merge with the Soviet, Alta Republic, hockey. The NHL's owners, who own some of the best hockey in the world, the NHL, Players Association says yes and agrees that the NHL has too many teams, causing over two much in financial loss (Colorado Rockies, Atlanta Flames, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, even the once-mighty Detroit Red Wings and Chicago Black Hawks are all on the edge of disaster now). Despite its relentless efforts, the NHL has failed to find and maintain a U.S. television network of the type that an American baseball and basketball. With Bobby Orr, Gordie Howe, and Bobby Hull among second-rate in such oddball places as Indianapolis and Tokyo, hockey is hard-pressed to come up with the superstars to attract the mass popularity it once had. Today Boston Bruins coach Don Cherry is somewhat on the point: "The age of the superstar, except for Guy Lafleur, has passed." The reason: "Everybody's playing a system now. 'I'm pro hockey today, a system is quite simple, it's broken down, grand old men and never-ending-old men books approach that rubs the holes of teambuilding that the Howes, Holm, Orr, Ken Belmore and Rocket Richard used to display as a matter of course."

The idea that international hockey which is 1972, 1974 and during the Canada Cup of 1976 to thank fans everywhere might save the game and keep the fans happy is also a fading dream, as in the case of Phil Esposito, a true international star, grumbled about having to practice on Christmas Day in order to get ready for an exhibition game against a club team from Czechoslovakia. "The owners," growled Esposito, "are giving us 100,000 dollars. President Harold Ballard called the game his team but in the same Czechoslovakia (they're) a waste of time," although he said he'd be paid to be there to charge \$10 for the best seats.

If anything, this season there has been far too much international hockey. The 1980 World Cup, in which Canada's best young players failed to make the final, was one of the worst events ever, though it was a box office failure. But much of the rest of



the season's international play smacked in Montreal's grander Ken Dryden's words "at glass old-fashioned barnstorming." Czech and Soviet teams, representing far from the best talent these countries have available, played their way through the week, losing more often than winning, during December. Two more Czech teams, Kladno and Pusthova, plus Russia's Spartak played 13 exhibitions against the clubs, winning more often than losing. The Soviet national team was preparing for a January romp through the world's big dogs. The Quebec Nordiques were off to Moscow to be clobbered in the

American international tournament. Bobby Hull and the Winnipeg Jets flew off to Tokyo to lose three straight games to the Russians over Christmas. And so much uncertainty. Gordie Howe's durability and consistency take on new importance. Here, after all, is something real, something a fan can believe in, whatever the merits of the league he plays in.

Howe will be 50 March 31. The Whalers have a game that night, against the Capitals. Rogers, and Collier and Howard Kuhnle are planning a retirement celebration. Collier will organize a "fun" day she organizes everything Gordie does

off the ice. "He just loves paperwork and stuff like that," she says. "Over the years I've just naturally taken on more and more of it." Today, Gordie Howe, who recently passed her 50,000th game's exams, does most of the contract negotiating for her husband and two sons. She does the public relations groundwork, handles the mail, prepares their itineraries, gets their airplane tickets for non-Whaler travel. She is a kind of family general manager, and she enjoys the work. "I'm smart enough to know when I need a lawyer or an accountant, and smart enough to hire them when I do," she says, anticipating a question. "I know people have criticized me, people like Ted Gunderson. Gordie's old Red Wing teammate who this year took over as general manager of the Detroit team. But things have worked out pretty well."

It is easy, looking at Colleen Howe with her fully blond hair and attractive features and figure, to understand how a hockey farm boy played down on a big city could fall in love with her (they met in a Denver bowling alley when she was 17, he 22, and were married three years later) and stay in love with her. "People say I'm handsome," Howe says, frowning at such efficiency. "Well, let them see it. But Colleen likes doing things, and she does them pretty well, so I say let her carry on. She's done a great job raising the kids and keeping me going."

Brandon Hockey and the family. Howe's passions are crossword puzzles and bridge. "It used to be the hockey players played rummy or craps or blackjack," he laughs. "Now everyone plays bridge." Howe's line of crossword puzzles he composes on a direct outgrowth of his self-consciousness about dropping out of school at 15. "That's where I made my big mistake, I guess." But as Father Andri Matusz, the last head of



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Scotchesman's Notre Dame College and a man who posed an opposition to so many young Prairie Canadians, once told Howe, every Canadian boy could go to school but no Canadian boy could play hockey quite like Gordie Howe. Gordie made the year he travelled east to play out with the New York Rangers. He didn't make it, but got a chance to play junior hockey in Galt, Ontario. Then, his eligibility as a transferred player was denied. "They told me I could stay there and practice with the team, get the ice time, but that I couldn't play in the games. I didn't know what to do. Whether to go back home or stay and try to learn more hockey. Well, one afternoon I left the rink and walked up the midway track and there was a history I went in and it was Paddock—a relation to Sam of the Canadians—gave me a job. Hockey was it." The next year he ran on his way up through the Detroit organization. After a year of training in the Central League with Omaha, Gordie made the jump to the Red Wings, under the name Jack Adams. The leg and was born.

Howe is an excellent anecdotalist, as well as a phenomenal athlete who might have had football, basketball or golf careers. He is also demonstrably kind, signing autographs and joking with his public, wherever he goes, making personal appearances throughout North America, in retirement a host of the old days in free hockey



Colleen and Gordie at home in Grosse Pointe, Mich. the family that plays together...

and started at the new team. But that is off the ice. On it, he's still an extraordinary presence. That's where he has survived. "I've been badly hurt again," he admits. "I've had three knee operations, but they're all taken. Other guys, well... It's just a shame about Bobby Orr. I'd have to say he was the best player I ever saw." (Orr says the same thing about Howe.) Only once in his long career has Howe been badly hurt, and then he almost died after missing Maple Leaf captain Tedder Kennedy with a check and going head first into the boards.

His records are too numerous and too well known to list. Quite simply, he holds all the important ones. He's proud of them, but not preoccupied by them. Even his 1,000-goal total, which would have once been considered as unobtainable as the moon, used to be, may eventually fall to Bobby Hall. But his achievement in playing 30 years of major-league hockey (not counting two years when he retired from the rink, and not around a Red Wing office with nothing to do but go to banquets for Bruce Norring and making up his career on the same team across of his once a record that should stand as long as the game is played. Meanwhile until the win play-offs and in May or June money players are advised to keep their heads up or Number 9 will do their best. Next year, they'll be able to relax. Unless, that is, Howe gets the sixth again come September.

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A night still remembered

Checking in with a last survivor

By Carol Kennedy

The handsome, tanned face with the lively blue eyes, smile that, sorry, white hair looks like that of a sailor, though neighbors in the town near of Bozeman's diffident white-haired Steve Prentice has every tale of Major It's a long time since he was a sea dog, but he's still got his story. For one thing, he didn't talk about it for years, for another, few would suspect that Prentice is old enough to have played a part in the greatest maritime drama of the century.

But Prentice, through his looks as he has seen, on Feb. 13 and now, about his last word, makes an exception. He will talk about what happened 65 years ago and produce his most treasured possession—an old-fashioned pocket watch of blackened metal, with its words read and its hands stopped permanently between 2:30 and 2:31. That was the exact moment on a freezing North Atlantic night in April 1912, when Steve Prentice, then an 18-year-old junior partner on the brand-new White Star liner *Titanic*, saw the "unsinkable ship" on her maiden voyage slip gently to her grave after colliding with an iceberg. Moments before, he had jumped off the pendulous stern as the ship went down like an elevator beneath his feet.

There's more than a day's hard-felt left of the crew of the *Titanic*, and it is possible that Prentice is the last, since he was the youngest to sign on for the voyage. He only survived his 30 hours in the icy water by being young, strong and extremely fit. A lifetime later, having been sunk again in action in 1914 on the Occochee, joined the army and fought in both world wars, Prentice sometimes with some clarity the events of that April night and feels a bit as he looks out over peaceful Bozeman Bay, in the north of England, about the dreadful waste of it all—the lost lives of his shipmates, the errors of North American society crowded, the beautiful, extravagant ship with the paint scarcely dry. "If even a ship was thrown away it was the *Titanic*," he says with finality. "The whole tragedy of the sinking of the *Titanic* was speed. That was the only thing they thought about—speed. We were doing 25 knots from the time we left Queenstown, and on the morning of the disaster we knew there was ice all over the place."

Contemporary technical reports and books written since have all recorded that the *Titanic*, built to be the first fast Canadian-made liner, was in fact a Canadian-made liner, not a British one, as depicted as a 21-knot ship. But the sailor who dove her central propeller is now

to have made her capable of far higher speeds. Prentice's recollection that she was "going fast" out at 25 knots from the moment she left Queenstown is now being tested until the attack the sailing conflict with contemporary accounts which say she was running at 20 knots, the highest speed she had yet achieved. Even that time, however, was far too fast for safe maneuvering in the ice field she encountered off the Grand Banks on the night of April 14. Many with her rich and important passengers, including Colonel John Jacob Astor, Benjamin Guggenheim and the White Star Line chairman J. Bruce Ismay, Captain Edward Smith barely glanced at the Marconi warnings and never received the final two at all because the wireless operator was too busy sending passengers' cables via Cape Race. In the case of the *Titanic*, the technological marvel though she was, the look-alike did tell her most useful that basic piece of equipment is nonexistent. Prentice believes the *Titanic* was

"sunked" though not "ready for sea" when she sailed from Southampton on April 10 with a party of eight hundred from Belfast and Wall, the builders on board to finish off odd jobs on notes—concrete practice on wooden voyages in these days of high-velocity steel and steel-hulled ships. The 30 lifeboats (able to accommodate a little more than half the 2,207 souls on board) were not even equipped with water and rations. Prentice was despatched to bring up provisions from the ship's stores after the collision but was unable to get anywhere near the lifeboats and had to leave boxes of biscuits strewn about the deck hoping someone would see them.

Prentice was on the *Titanic* only because of a last minute shuffle of White Star personnel. He had been preparing for a Mediterranean cruise and didn't know the name of the ship he was to join when he was suddenly ordered to Southampton.

As a junior partner, one of his duties ended on the *Titanic*. Prentice's job was to check cargo and passenger manifests and help make up the sea payrolls. The sea payrolls were working late that Sunday night on the cargo manifest. They had opened their uncorrupted portfolios to the icy starlight right and were discussing how they could bring him up their bank notes when they suddenly glided to a halt, "just like breaking a car." They were on the port side, undisturbed, so full none of the grinding jar as the iceberg spurred them into the *Titanic*'s starboard side below the waterline, scoring a narrow gap 300 feet long, as far as the engine room, and going right through her double bottom.

"I went back undisturbed, and there

Prentice (left) holding the watch that stopped as he hit the water, and the *Titanic*, as depicted in this drawing, went down

we people walking around. We were gradually being over to port and I thought there was something very serious now. Then we had orders to get the boats out. We couldn't launch the starboard boats because there was too much of a list. Nobody wanted to get into the lifeboats, they didn't think she would go down. You see, "Shortly after that I happened to be up on the boat deck and I saw Thomas Andrews, the designer, leave his room, the chemist, and Captain Smith, talking to a girl. I heard Ismay say to Andrews, 'What's the position?' In these days of high-velocity steel and steel-hulled ships that she's going to sink. There's nothing that can stop us sinking, the water's just coming straight up. The bulkheads won't help her in any way at all."

Soon, says Prentice, there was "a lot of noise," with people packing and diving to get into the boats, "and the crew had to best their best."

There were agonizing scenes of parting. A young couple called Clark had been honeymooning in France and Prentice almost had to watch them sport in the pool. He told on Mr. Clark and persuaded her to get into a boat with the assurance that her husband would be coming on later. "It's just a precaution," Mr. Clark's last words to the young couple were. "I'll see you later." "Oh, no," he said, thinking no more about it. When Prentice was

called half-dead into a lifeboat hours later it was Mrs. Clark who put her own life belt on and survived his divorce trial. Her husband was drowned.

An hour after the collision the *Titanic* was listing so much it was a struggle to get along the corridor—"You had to push yourself along the side." By this time he had a woman's life belt on. "I'd been in a position to look at the boat deck. They had laid the storage passages up by now, about 700 of them, and the boat deck was above with them swarming everywhere. I went up all the way to the poop deck. It was very quiet there, nobody there or four or five up there, a pair of men called Hicks, myself and another man called Karma. And while we were up there the water was coming over the head. She was almost vertical out of the water.

"I didn't want to die, but I wasn't afraid at all. I don't think I was. You could feel everything going through her, ramble, ramble, everything inside was going down. She was almost vertical out of the water. There were two barrels at which said 'Keep clear of propeller blades'—I couldn't see the water, I was too far away from it."

"Rods went in first, then I let go. As I passed I saw the propeller blades coming off. I hit the water with a terrific crack. It sounded all the wind out of me, but I was lucky not to be anything, because there was wreckage all around me. Hicks was

sure he was going because he went all back. I stepped with him and he died. There were about 100 people in the water, sinking and crying. The *Titanic* came back a little, settled down and then just glided away, very quietly.

"Then I thought I was all alone. There were no sounds at all. I picked up another life belt and a cushion and tucked them around me. I gradually felt myself freezing up. I was getting in a very bad way."

The lifeboat that eventually picked him up had a lot of water in it and a furnace lying dead in the bottom. Prentice reckons he was lucky to have been pulled in because "they were knocking people out of the boat." He doesn't remember the rest of the night or being taken aboard the *Cosmo* near Cape Race. After three days in New York, Prentice went home on the *Lupine*.

Not one *Titanic* survivor got a penny of compensation from the White Star Line. "When I jumped off, I didn't have any uniform and that old wreck in those days, you were paid off when you left the ship, and our pay stopped when the *Titanic* went down." Worst off was the reaction from relatives of and/or shipmates. "On my return to Southampton I visited the widow of one of my friends. She said: 'Why were you saved and my husband drowned?' After that I stopped seeing on people." □



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The World

Teddy Roosevelt must be turning in his grave

It's raining all over the Panama parade. In the crowd, as in a Capitol Hill caucus, as a sorry group full control of the Panamanian to the French war in an aggressive political show has taken to the road in the United States as conservatives (opinion) and liberals (the) despite its merits.

Those who aren't enjoying the country are stepping off to the canal itself. By the end of this month, 41 out of 100 senators will have gone to watch the ships go by. But the trip south has nothing to do with Washington's sudden plunge into winter, and everything to do with the coming vote. For the Panama issue could so easily slip from Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera into tragedy.

The cost, on both sides, is impressively strong. The conservatives, led by southern senators and the Ronald Reagan brothers, claim that President Carter's proposal to yield control of the canal by the end of the century is nothing more than "a seven-billion-dollar giveaway." Together with a posse of retired generals and admirals, they have formed a "Truth Squad," raised \$100,000 for expenses, and will travel 6,739 miles this month on a cross-country tour preaching treaty defeat. The liberals, with President Carter up front, are pleading for noblesse. In an unprecedented political move, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and Defense Secretary

Harold Brown have both been sent out on the streets to break the White House siege. Carter is expected to take in the baggage himself soon and will announce the State of the Union message to add weight to his case.

In the middle, on the fence, are a bunch of nobody legislators up for reelection this year. Some traditional conservatives among them favor the canal treaty bill, with the Truth Squad looking up a date in the constitution, they could lose their seats by following their consciences.

There is an unresolvable dilemma: that the man with the heaviest lot of all is Harold Brown of Tennessee, Republican leader in the Senate, who is twining, turning, duck-

ing and weaving as he calls for amendments, clarifications and pie business—anything to put off the dead day when he must make up his mind. If only he can keep his Republican nose clean, Baker has high hopes of the Presidential nomination in 1980. But, as he says it, may move be made on Panama has got to be the wrong move with someone.

The olive of the stage, however, is dominated by Panama's leader Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera, "man-of-the-people" as he is referred to in the country's Constitution. A real topper, Torrijos has promised to meet every rising starlet which, of course, also means he has to meet every senator's wife, advisors (for and against the treaty), press aides and assorted hangers-on.

It is a role for a virtuoso and the general—Fidel Castro basic foreigner, eight and all—is equal to it. He ran that and every accidental error is briefed by the American embassy, the U.S. military command and the Panama Canal Company. He arranges a helicopter flight over the canal and a landing to inspect its locks. Meetings with Panama's war politicians, officials, the Roman Catholic archbishop and Canal Zone residents come next, and the day is rounded off with a dinner at



The canal's Miraflores locks (left) and Torrijos campaigning: kick or treaty?



sen Humphrey and the White House was an already disreputable political scandal named "Nixongate."

But Humphrey, who spent his whole political life raising funds to toward the Presidency, fell victim to the tactics of the radical young American Left and Mayor Richard Daley's goon squad known Chicago into his life, your identity being given up to the Senate. Humphrey was also, of course, a victim of his own sin: he, as it transpired, an unrelenting and vocal civil support for the Vietnam war as waged by Lyndon Johnson. As vice president he had locked his liberal credentials—when he'd been serving as Mayor of Minneapolis in 1948, and which were celebrated over the years in the Senate by support for civil rights, medical care for the aged and housing for the poor.



The Humphrey of 1968: the best left not only in the state but in himself

The honor of the convention put such a load on him as the collective American mouth

South Africa—as seen by The Man Who Got Away

In "Bly City," a converted movie theatre in Johannesburg, scores of the thousands of South Africans who own guns daily practice their marksmanship, much as other people go to a golf driving range. On a single January day in Bly City there were 100 guns and one of the country's best target systems are shot to death by unknown gunmen. Is there a connection? Donald Woods, "banned" editor of the East London Daily Dispatch who fled with his family to Britain in his New Year says that right-wing terror, much of it carried out by security service personnel, is at the increase. In an exclusive article written for Maclean's, he describes how this dangerous phenomenon, apparently tolerated by South African leaders, now is threatening law and order.

During the past few years there has been a marked increase in acts of right-wing terrorism against critics of apartheid in South Africa, and the success of such acts against my family locality had much to do with my decision to go into exile. There were other reasons—the October 19's "bannings" (reservations of liberty) on myself and others and the detention of fellow-editor Percy Gibbs on an end to South Africa's limited press freedom, and I had produced a 175,000 word manuscript on the life and death in prison of black leader Steve Biko and feared the certain reprisals that would follow publication. But the terrorism was reason enough, and it determined the prospective timing of my flight.

The earliest such acts were by an organization that called itself Scorpio, a gang of elements close to the South African security police, who fired shots into homes of left-wing dissidents in the Capetown area.

More recently there was a shotgun blast into the house of another banned person, Fanie Meir of Durban. A guest in

the Meir house was wounded in the shoulder. Another banned person, Dr. Rick Turner, was shot through the head recently.

The first attack on my family occurred more than a year ago. Simon Biko had phoned me to discuss a speech I was due to make in Durban. Among the few people who knew my number—united because of constant night-time threats—were security police who informed all my calls. They also monitored Biko's.

After midnight, following my departure to Durban, security police phoned my wife Wendy to say "We know you're alone with your children tonight. We're coming to get you later." I and about 4 a.m., security police beatmies G. G. and A. Joseph drove quietly to the house. G. G. held a spray paint can, labeled in large characters the words "Biko Convey Headquarters" on the front wall together with a hammer and sickle. Biko lived his whole life in the heart of the house. Although unnamed police were given evidence of the attack they took no action. G. G., however, was transferred—on promotion.

Shortly after my banning, a partial arrest of my house containing two tiny T-shirts with Steve Biko's image on them, three my youngest child, five-year-old Mary, and one on, she began screaming

and had to receive medical attention for inflamed eyes and severe skin irritation on her face and shoulders. The inside of the shirts had been sprayed with what appeared to be a acid-based irritant similar to tear gas. Shortly afterwards received eyewitness evidence that security police officers—warrant officers L. van Schoor and J. Mena—had intercepted the parcel at the local post office and sprayed on the substance.

There is no evidence that members of the Vorster government approve such so-called advocate harassment, but the fact is that they tacitly encourage them. It is for these and other reasons (including the unexplained deaths in detention of more than 40 South Africans) that I intend to patron the United Nations to declare certain representatives of the South African government international criminals unless they have all unprosecuted political detainees and banned persons institute proper judicial inquiry into all deaths in detention, call a national convention at which the properly elected spokesmen of the black majority of South Africa, at present voiceless and voiceless are given an opportunity to register for themselves basic civil liberties.

Macleans leading his family off the plane in London: a flight from New York and Oliver



but Humphrey could not make up the lost ground, and in November he fell in New York to more 53,000 votes at 77 million cast.

To lose to Nixon," he would write in his biography "The gods."

Humphrey's finest hour would come, as these things often do, in the face of great personal tragedy. Just a month before his landslide victory in the Senate in 1965 he had resigned as politics in 1970, he had a cancer operation, another cancer on his pelvis, was found and it was both inoperable and terminal. But the Happy Warrior would not despair; the Politics of Joy would not be abandoned. And when he died, on January 13, 1978, at 68, history had forgiven him and returned him to his rightful honorable place, and if he never realized what might have been.

People



Thomson is little known on the state

Every year about that time some Hollywood bear named Mr. Blackout gets his name in the papers and on the air by picking the 10 worst dressed women of the year. Yet nobody ever bothers to ask who he is, aside from being a drag dancer at questionable experience. Nor does it ever seem to occur to anybody that he has been especially assembled primarily for self-publicity. Take the current "Worst Dressed" women with the coiffures of Pompeii and Cleopatra all were the most talked-about women of the year, by catapulting them—Margaret Trudeau, Karen Finerman, Majandra Delfino, Linda Lovelace, and Althea Haywood, Linda Lovelace, and Althea Haywood, simply mentions the steps in her girls from the media. And the only thing more disgusting than her list is Blackout's profile.



Trudeau: clothes don't make the woman

quipping that accompanying each choice "Canada's New York's loss." In the end of Trudeau "though again in her dress for an earthquake," was the witty description of Finerman-Majors.

When the word got out that Paul Park Thomson, a central figure in what has become known with a luminous lack of originality—"Karpis"—was wearing a black Washington was struck by a sudden upsurge of the cold war. She was after all, suspected of having links with the Karpis and with Thompson Park, the Karpis businessman charged with influence

padding among members of Congress—seemingly being her duties in Senator House Speaker Carl Albert's personal assistant and self-made Washington housewife. Government investigation went on to see if she had her 20-page outline from her New York journey again. Right at her last's just a cookbook. It seems that Mrs. Albert moved. Thomson has been looking for work and, for obvious reasons, "everybody is afraid to hire me." In his opinion she's a woman. Service and argument in with the cookbook—the which makes a recipe called the "Cocooning." It features nuts, varnish and liquor.

As a what-prodder Larry Flynt was somewhat being, but now that he's taken that great long backward and become a "body again Christian" the baroness his generous has become more amusing. Not only is he about to turn 40, the perversely delight, was an "intrinsically no magazine" with Chester the Melrose becoming Chester the Proteus (of little girls) but he's bought himself a good news paper in Plains, Georgia, has not only of You-Know-Who but also You-Know-Who's evangelist sister Ruth Grier Stouffer—

the lady who showed Flynn the lights. And he's announced plans to have a girlfriend in The Plains Member "I hope the first one will be Miss Lillian (Carter, Jimmy's and Bill's) maid, but in order to appear Gloria Steinem, we will dress her in white with a black mask as Jesus. I know I don't make much sense to imagine a black man as Jesus, but it makes as much sense as a renegade rabbit with a police record, or a six-foot cracker who wears white socks and drinks Billy beer." Don't ask.

The half-page ad for the 1980 Death of A Leader: Man begins "What happened when one of the country's most gifted and best written Leonard Cohen, met the Tycoon of Two Ball Space is a matter of



Cohen: he'll cover up homicide, etc.

hated discussion these days "This book (in such things are known in the trade) was of no particular consequence. It was a letter for one thing, it appeared in the January 9 issue of New York Magazine and the girl and a white letter the U.S. and a girl's admission for its country in a Canadian. When this advertisement was brought to Cohen's attention, by way of a phone call to his house in Montreal, his reaction was "Well, I'll be damned." But, apparently he himself had read the ad the night before without even noticing the discrepancy.

Sports

He's good for the game, but is he . . . uh . . . good for the game?



McFarlane, Stewart and—driving up his shot—Gosnell there goes the image

For the nonparticipants, there are a number of adjectives that come naturally to mind concerning hockey's major, established conservative, traditional, a sport lacking hockey's fire or football's violence. Although a hugely popular sport to play—with better than a million centers in the country—the game has been a nice pable of attracting the "fan only" element rather than the "viewer only" element. Barely 900,000 watched the televised final of last year's Series, which is curiously low.

The problem, of course, has been a lack of colorful superstars. Few heroes and no villains. All that is short to change, however, thanks to the emergence of a controversial 26-year-old from Calgary. Paul Gosnell, a former world junior champion who has turned the game on its ear with a

a master of Canada's rebel reputation has grown so quickly he's already packing down in which he plays, many of them coming as he puts it, "to us our last day on our last day."

It's not hard to see how he gets against hockey's snail's pace and its slow. Two and a half minutes for Gosnell's rock chic goading and taunting create an instant for a "Dino Beck" (T-shirt). Sometimes it seems everything he touches goes against the goal's range on the net. Right he was named Calgary's Most Outstanding Athlete for 1977 he was picked up by the police for unpaid driving and possession of marijuana.

But that cannot detract from his winning. Gosnell's role in the 1977, the international champion of the Canadian Curling Association, calls Gosnell "the best center in Canada and the most successful full-time competitor." Last June, after quitting his road survey job, Gosnell committed to risk, all their curling equipment and a 1977 into his own year-old car and drove to Brandon, Manitoba, where they camped out in the site while winning \$10,000 in a house. By Christmas the winnings had grown to \$14,000 plus four new cars.

But the most important, for curling, was that he became an instant spectator draw. "He adds color to the sport," says Pickett, adding "name will say he's bringing the wrong kind of attention to it."

There are, however, no "wrong" kinds of attention for television audiences, just sports. Curling officials talk of drawing up to five million viewers by 1980, but a "fun only" growth can never come about without a reaping of the sowing, something that is already underway in the sport. Next year, the classic's first tournament, will see McDonald Television of Montreal, which owned the Series, now an sponsor. (The company says the reason is simple economics.) A new sponsor will soon be named and the entire classic may be revamped to suit television's demands, with everything geared to build up a dramatic final game.

Such change is openly welcomed by Paul Gosnell, who may represent an unexpected key quality to curling. "I just want the people in the sport to open up more," he says. "There are a lot of hard-core people around looking for short bar and matching waders on curlers. They're closed-minded. The whole world is changing, but some don't know that."

Gosnell's next ambition is to skip his new team—composed of Calgaryer Kelly Sennet, Doug McFarlane and John Fergusson—to his second world junior championship in Grindelwald, Switzerland, this coming March 18-17. And that arena to have concerned the game's officials enough that a "boycott" will be going with them. Gosnell sees it as more of a "challenge." "There's nothing a coach can do here," admits Bob Pickett. "We have to see how to mind his manners. He is Canada's most famous curler."

And back home again after that he will undoubtedly become a factor in the future of curling. As Gosnell says himself: "People are getting more and more used to me being around." JORDAN HENLOW

Business

For Michael Zahorchak's sake, movies had better be better than ever

Orange drug carpets, hundreds of potted plants and baby photographs above the receptionist's desk help give Canadian Theatre Group Limited's crowded headquarters in St. Catharines, Ontario, an oddly suburban look. There's even a chair of success in president Michael Zahorchak's office, firm publicity graphics and a plaque from Crows Inter-



national Pictures, which celebrates his company's playing *The Four Corners* for a record 32 weeks in Calgary (March 20, 1977). Zahorchak sees this remarkable feat as a triumph for his policy of heavily promoting "it through he has with local enthusiasm—its costs as nothing except the work of the management." The second-rate product he has had to take at a small

exhibitor with only 66 screens. This, however, is no larger a problem. A signpost, last year with a hardy man who gives in genuine amusement when asked questions he doesn't want to answer and never quite recovered from his heart operation three years ago, Zahorchak has imposed the small world of Canadian cinema by paying more than \$11 million for Odeon Theatre (Canada) Limited, a 170-screen, cost-account chain formerly owned by the Rank Organisation of London, England.

Born into a Slovak farming family in eastern Czechoslovakia in 1920, Zahorchak escaped Nazi occupation in 1940, emigrated to Canada and became interested in the film business when friends took him to U.S. drive-in theaters during a leave from Montreal's Black Watch Regiment. In 1946, he opened a small film in St. Catharines where he had settled after a honeymoon visit, following profitable real estate ventures there and a false start in Montreal. He never looked back.

In the Fifties, Zahorchak opened restaurants and refreshment concessions and even briefly a live theater in Niagara Falls, featuring high-priced talent such as Gypsy Rose Lee. But eventually he focused on his expanding cinema interests. His first move out of the province Peninsula was his purchase of the Central Theatre in Calgary in 1964. In 1973, he acquired

Zahorchak (left), one of his major new acquisitions (below) and the famed Rank speech course in the movie-theater phase

U.S.-owned SDC Cinema Limited, with 34 theaters from British Columbia to Quebec. Last year, his company's total revenue



was \$13 million (Odeon's was \$47 million). There will be more than 2,200 employees, including those of Zahorchak's four children, but he says he's planning no layoffs (Odeon industry conditions, the whole enterprise is distinctly conservative).

Every variable has varied for Canadian exhibitors since the halcyon pre-reflexion days of 1953 when Canadians bought 250 million tickets (compared with 96 million in 1975). Color television and the lowered advertising have even further affected the audience, and in turn the type of film is demanded. Most of today's filmgoers are between 14 and 35, so the poster baby boom generation is now approaching an age that is wary of the taboos as much as to themselves. As growth continues, active economies grow—and a new taking away—the drive-in concept. Lost costs too much to justify the return.

Still, the climate in Canada is not as bleak as in the United States. The Canadian industry is highly concentrated—Odeon has about 25% of the market, Famous Players Limited 45%—which means less competition both for films and in admission prices. Famous Players, in fact, is controlled by a U.S. conglomerate, Gulf & Western Industries Inc., which also owns Paramount Pictures Corporation, a firm of vertical integration prohibited by antitrust statutes in the United States. Critics argue that this concentration has more significance.

But the Canadian industry is troubled anyway. Last year Famous earned only \$73 million on \$100 million sales, and Odeon about \$3.5 million on \$40 million. Famous has had to end negotiations with its attempts to manage its own cinema circuit in



volunteers. It is also planning to reduce the number of its screens—two last according to critics. There are persistent rumors that Giff & Wescom, bought by the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Internal Revenue Service after a stock-

Media

The Source

"If you have to go out," Allan Fleming murmured a couple of years ago, "you might as well have done something before you do." In 1974 Fleming, after one major heart attack and two minor ones, was given a 50/50 chance of living 10 years, now dead at 48, he did more than most people would for a Biblical lifetime, and did most of it privately well.

One would have to be blind or confined to an ear flow as baffling boy to have lived in Canada for the past 20 years and not be influenced by Fleming's work. As Canada's most influential, most honored graphic designer, he changed the face of the Canadian landscape with the Bayview CN logo (based on a drink can) and, in his place, died New York in 1979, other Fleming logos—they were only a small part of his output and interests—included those for Ontario Hydro, Grey Coach, the Toronto Symphony, the Ontario Science Centre and the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts.

Fleming had no formal art school training: the son of Scottish parents (grandfather a nurse, father a CN telegrapher) he ended up by going out, at 16, for Eikon's two-year apprenticeship and \$15 a week. Later he studied letter-forms in Britain, and when he returned to Toronto in 1938, taught for a time at the Ontario College of Art. Later he joined Cooper & Secor, the country's largest typographic composition house, as creative director. For six years—the most productive of his life, he said later—he created at least two designs a day, in the process establishing a graphic style for the continent.

In 1962 he joined McEwan's as an designer, an experience he once described as "a fascinating nightmare." Before he ended it, after nine months, he had redesigned the magazine and it presented conclusions even then doubtful—at least partly due to the impact of Fleming's new design. From 1963 to 1968 he worked for MacLaren Advertising—"we produced some of the best advertising in the country in those years, and some of the worst"—and in 1968 joined the University of Toronto Press, largest non-profit book publisher in the country, as its chief designer. For the next seven years Fleming and his staff of five talented books whose care for type, layout, illustration and typography rivaled (according to Publishers' Weekly) in "new books of design (that were) a challenge to the rest of the field." Before that, in 1961, Fleming had already de-



Fleming and CN logo: first and foremost.

signed the immensely successful *Canada: A Year Of The Land*. "I got an enormous charge," he once said "out of designing something that will live a bit through time, not something that will go to the trash can." He possessed an extraordinary sense of balance at once childlike and utterly serious. Paul Fleck, president of the Ontario College of Art, reflects: "The image of the man was that he responded to so much in life in a comprehensive way."

Lately he had returned to working on typography at the OCA, and was engaged when he died on a three-volume work about typography with two of his former students, Patrick Monro, who graduated from the college in 1974, and Ken Rodwell, who graduated 19 years earlier. Rodwell, now art director of Toronto Life, remembers once, in 1957, working for Fleming "and seeing some job shop while he was being pulled all over the place and showing me how it should be done. So I asked him, 'Look, why are you doing all this for me?' Allan replied, very quietly 'When I was starting out, a lot of people helped me, and all I ask is that you pass some of it on.'"

DAVID COBB



McVean's dog, Bill McVean, is a bit of a character. The dog's last name is not Bill, but it's Bill. McVean, author of the novel and self-made of the world. Bill McVean is a bit of a character. The dog's last name is not Bill, but it's Bill. McVean, author of the novel and self-made of the world.

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The people people listen to



Peter Bagnall, if he could sell all the pork, the rest should be all the pork.

riking expert in *The New York Times* last year, wants to sell all the pork.

Both Parsons and Odell, being foreign-owned, were protected by the Canadian government until appearing to show a quota of Canadian-made films. Rank actually gave increased regulation in one reason for selling Odell, although it seems to be leaving the business worldwide, partly under financial pressure, at best. Odell also put money into Canadian production but last year told Odell it could no longer afford the price.

Zaburkoff is unimpressed: "We'll keep on expanding where we are," he says. "It is not to be expanding to buy more Montreal theaters from Michael Cotroni. The threat of increased home entertainment value doesn't worry him. 'I'm optimistic. Hell, I have to be. I just bought the Odell chair.'"

Recently how Zaburkoff bought the chair, which was three times his size, has attracted much interest. He says he borrowed the money from the Bank of Montreal, Odell's banker and also, coincidentally, his own. The bank had offered to discount financing with any prospective purchaser. But in this case, the amount of debt was so large in relation to any viable capacity to pay it off that a wary bank manager at Zaburkoff obtained additional finance from American interests. Zaburkoff's designer, an alternative entrepreneur, particularly because the price Zaburkoff paid is regarded as rather high is that he plans to make much of Odell's underlying real estate value. However, he has repeatedly said he will continue operating in a normal fashion. This must mean that he intends to turn much more from Odell's assets than is the case currently. Which may make his off-balance position very difficult to keep. PETER BAGNALL

Labor

Safety Last: the fallacy of 'proper equipment'



You need to forget your hardhat,



like you need a hole in the head.

Remember on the job, despite the strictest eye injury, and (most) a warning poster from the CSA: unguarded accidents.

The ad, part of a multi-media campaign to warn Ontario workers to wear safety equipment, was provocative. "Hi, I've been here to prevent eye injuries. You've got it, so it's breaking the message. Therefore, I'm now offering Andy Bums a pair of goggles and set to work with his a gun. It was a busy winter morning and he was enjoying the outdoor work when suddenly a piece of steel blazed through his safety goggles and lodged in his eye. Since he was wearing his goggles the accident should have been exceptional. But a recent national survey of injured workers—the first of its kind—has revealed that it happens all the time. Fully half of the one million workers injured last year were wearing protective equipment. Most of them weren't actually at fault. Though it was his fourth eye injury while wearing goggles, the bachelor kept his eyesight and missed only three days of work. It is the more serious accidents—resulting in months of paid absenteeism on workers' compensation, early death—that boost the overall cost of industrial injuries in Canada to a whopping one billion dollars.

The nine-month survey, commissioned by the Canadian Standards Association, the Construction Safety Association and the Canada Safety Council, was designed to study lost-time injuries. Instead it turned up a safety equipment scandal. It revealed that goggles are shattered regularly when hit by flying particles. Feet are crushed through safety boots, and workdays of head injuries increased while wearing hard hats. It showed that despite safety products' reputation, safety committees, expensive aids and all the good intentions in the world, workers will continue to suffer costly and debilitating accidents until the entire industry comes to grips with a fundamental problem: unsafe safety equipment. That is why all three organizations have called the Canadian Conference on Protective Equipment (CONPE), the

first national conference on occupational safety, being held in Toronto January 23. Delegates to the conference must face the startling fact that safety equipment is not adequately tested in the first place. Goggles, meant to withstand shrapnel of sparks and flying metal, are routinely dropping a single ball bearing on a less hard hat which workers assume protect the entire head, are tested for stress only on the crown. "We haven't determined the speed of things flying at the eye, or the weight and direction things fall," admits Bob Loney, planning manager for the Construction Safety Association. "Yet as a professional engineer I would never dream of designing a bridge until I knew what load it could bear." Even Ken Quirk of the Canadian Standards Association, the man whose job it is to set safety standards, acknowledges his agency's incompetence. "Ten of these kinds of injuries have occurred and lives been lost because of bad equipment."

The victim of all this bungling is the worker and Ken Valicunas, Toronto safety director for the United Steel Workers of America, says it's about time the injured worker had a say in setting up standards. There again, "in my mind," he says, "they make to wear big chunky carpenter's boots that are dangerous for our work but they don't push for proper safety glasses that should be mandatory." Workers surely speak through the union either, since a worker who accepts compensation for injuries can't sue. "People who manufacture defective equipment need not to face the consequences for poorly designed or badly constructed equipment," says Michael Rybicki, consumer law professor at the University of Toronto. Yet even those who insist on the best equipment may they simply get it mistakenly because they are not guidelines for choosing among the confusion of so-called "safety" products available at the corner store.

Representatives from unions, industry and government seem to concur: agreement that the situation is undesirable, that action must be taken, and that the January 23 national safety conference is the first step. "There's a chance in this case to admit we're woefully short in knowing where and to make changes," says Loney. Ironically, if the standards developed are successful, the agencies will have been the cause to save money, not lives. The idea, being tested, is that it is improved safety measures, not fancy aids that will substantially reduce the current cost for injuries of \$35 a year per person, women and child in Canada.

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Medicine

Why 'childhood diseases' are ready for an encore

Diphtheria, scarlet, whooping cough, polio. The mere whisper of these words produced panic in parents just two decades ago. Those were the days before mass vaccination, before parents realized their children's health is the reality, since their parents have refused. And that, says Dr. Crawford Anglin, chief of infectious diseases at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, is precisely the problem. Parents have refused so much they've forgotten that infectious children's diseases still are deadly. Too many young patients with no firsthand knowledge of the pain and death unleashed in an epidemic of diphtheria or polio—or even measles—are getting sloppy.

In 1972, says Anglin, more than 25% of Canadian children entering school (over to 50% in some areas) had not been vaccinated. Vaccination knew these kids' 90% immunization rate is needed to guard against major outbreaks of disease. Educating Anglin's concern Dr. Frank White, Alberta's director of communicable disease control, points out that all immunization levels have been dropping steadily since the end of the polio scare in the mid 1950s.

As immunization falls, the threat of widespread disease and suffering rises. Ten thousand deaths of and maimed were reported in Canada in 1972, three times the level in 1972. But most cases don't get reported, counters White. "The real figure is probably over 50,000." Of those 50,000 cases, half are in 16 developed countries, that of which resulted in hearing loss at some other get much more important.

Local outbreaks of childhood diseases still are common. There has been an outbreak of diphtheria in every province within the past five years. Whooping cough is reported every week at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. And diphtheria still is considered a threat. While most recent polio cases in Canada were reported from the Third World, White warns that if immunization continues to drop a few cases will occur here. Perhaps the greatest continuing tragedy, however, is a child (German measles). Though seldom fatal to children, if rubella is contracted by a woman during the first three months of pregnancy, chances are better than 50% that her baby will be born deformed or mentally retarded. Thirty-two children were born in the Milwaukee after a rubella outbreak in 1968.

Since vaccination programs are well spread in schools, the burden of childhood disease now falls on the preschooler—and



Anglin preparing to inoculate: Probably remember his bad old days, they should

the responsibility for vaccination on the parent. Unlike past generations, however, many parents don't see why they should bother. Also contributing to lower immunization rates are new Canadians with language problems and different traditions of public health. Often they are not even aware of the services available.

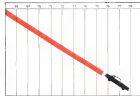
Recognizing the hazard of decreased immunization rates, doctors are just beginning to take action. A national campaign called Immunization Action Month, sponsored by the Canadian Pediatric Society and the Canadian Institute of Child Health, was held in October. Dr. John Tipples, president of the pediatric society, says the campaign will become an annual event starting next fall. He adds, "The available money is a quiet accusation of what a society hasn't done—but should have."

MURRAY McLEOD

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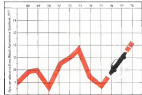
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Circle 10 on Reader Service

Architecture

Clever people, these Canadians



Sketch of Abdelhameed Aliana, a Saudi Arabian General Motors dealer, was holidaying in Portugal. It was 1976, he had just sold his motor year's stock of Chevrons in four months, he had three million dollars and he wanted to spend it. As the sketch sat on the beach in the warm Lisbon sun his thoughts drifted to a long-cherished fantasy: a dream house, a palace that would satisfy all man's Arabian-imagined modernist and his deeply rooted Arab traditions. On the same beach Egyptian-born engineer Samir Zaghloul was enjoying a hot bit of sunshine before flying home to Canada. The two men met and started talking. It seemed the engineer knew just the man to build a three-to-four-dollar dream—a Canadian friend named Peter Hamilton. Before the conversation ended, an agreement had been signed and Peter Hamilton had a job.

Back home, Hamilton, Radgely, Bennett and Partners of Toronto pored on clients but expending only Canadian architects with international credentials. In Cairo and the Caribbean, Kabul and Kathmandu, they are abandoning the latent Canadian economy to work—and find—work where. More than 400 of them currently are at work on a \$400-million dollar worth of overseas contracts. In Saudi Arabia, Project Planning Associates of Toronto has designed a \$300-million university in Kuwait. Vancouver's Arthur Erickson is working on a \$350-million apartment complex in Singapore. North Drive Rowland & Ray (now) of Toronto is building the world's largest flight kitchen in Afghanistan.

Toronto's Parker Associates has awarded-winning plans for an exotic \$15-million airport.

Hamilton, principal architect of the Saudi Arabian palace, admits he said firm would not be working in the Middle East were it not for an Egyptian engineer with Arabian connections. It is standard practice in the Middle East for a local businessman to "sponsor" a foreign project for a hefty 10% fee. In fact, business usually can't be done any other way. In this case, the engineer knew a businessman in Riyadh who knew the oil dealer and happily acted as sponsor. When the 30,000-square-foot concrete dream is complete, construction starts this spring, step one (in Riyadh) it will have Arab-style elements for outdoor sleeping, a futuristic kitchen, sixteen tables, sixteen pools and waterways, a small sun, and, says Hamilton, "a parking lot on one side and a sand-lot on the other."

Hamilton can afford to joke. In the whole-known world of architecture, international contracts usually go to large, established firms such as Project Planning Associates (the same folks who built Des Moines, Ontario). The urban planning experts have been active in the Middle East for 15 years and were chosen to select a site and design a new capital city for Tanzania at a cost of \$300 million. That city, Dedoma, is now under construction, and its master plan recently won the American Society of Landscape Architects' award for regional development design. As well, the firm recently completed the master plan

Hamilton's sketch of Aliana's palace (above), Eber's plan for the Gulf of Aqaba resort (bottom right) and Stewart Eber, Houston and Ontario vice-president James Sauer conferring on the project

for King Abdelaziz University in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, a \$300-million project that will house and educate 18,000 students. In Egypt, the firm is responsible for the much talked-about Pyramidal Oasis, a massive resort and residential community near the Great Pyramids of Giza.

Also busy globally is Montreal-based George Eber—the man who designed or helped design 11 pavilions for Expo 67 and has done nothing in Quebec since. Eber has worked on projects from Australia to Venezuela, but the most spectacular yet was initiated in 1973 when he was introduced to a confidant of Jordan's King Hussein. A keen water-skiing enthusiast, Hussein had decided he wanted a resort development on the Gulf of Aqaba, near his residence on the Red Sea. The confidant smoothed the way for Eber to present his plans to Hussein on his official visit to Canada in April, 1976. It took 30 minutes. Two months later Eber and his all-Canadian consortium, led by Ontario Ltd., were summoned to Jordan to make a formal presentation of Eber's designs. The \$250-million hotel and housing development will be built along artificial island lagoons and will have—so please the King—a water skiing course of world championship proportions.

Eighteen months ago, Vancouver's Ar-

thur Erickson was awarded a project of 1,000 apartment units by the National Housing Authority of Kuwait. It marked the prominent architect's first venture in the Middle East. "We had to invest considerable time and effort in getting it," says managing director, Graham Whelan. "But now you have done a project in the Middle East they are inclined to give you more work." Apparently The Saudi government has just commissioned Erickson to design a new foreign ministry building in Riyadh, recognizing the Canadian firm to open an office in nearby Jeddah.

Offices may be opening elsewhere, but in Canada the economic picture is being felt. The Webb Zervis McKenney Houston Partnership, Canada's largest architectural firm, was forced to reduce its staff a year ago from 240 to 120. Even Raymond Moriyama, the creator of the Ontario Science Centre and the new Metropolitan Toronto Library, is looking for work and says he may have to leave Canada to find it. And if it seems tough for an established architect such as Moriyama, they are disastrous for the one-in-an-office but can't afford to seek work elsewhere. The Alberta building boom, with a record \$750-million worth of construction last year in Calgary alone, has encouraged some public sector firms to open offices there. In the wealthy climate, is a Simons or a Burnham, a beyond the reach of the majority of Canadian architects. They get broken every time by the biggest and the best.

Responding to the obvious need for Canadian architects to find work somewhere, the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada recently appointed an overseas task

force to advise architects on how to compete internationally. Its chairman, Terry Robertson, says Canadian architects usually have the expertise. "We're doing great work, faster, and at a lesser cost," he says. "A Canadian architect will have done three times as much work in his European counterpart." He suggested that stringent building codes, combined with Canadian extremes of climate, have demanded design excellence from Canadian architects. The task force investigated the international approach to securing work overseas, a method that certainly has worked for some. In consultation with Aries International, consulting engineers, the task force has designed airports in Brazil, Indonesia and Malaysia; and contractors began this spring on an airport terminal in Kathmandu, India. As well, the firm has been selected from among 29 international competitors to design an aggressive project for the Singapore Airport Terminal Services, the world's largest flight kitchen, a 300,000-square-foot food preparation complex which will serve all airlines arriving at Singapore.

International projects face a whole range of special problems. There are always impediments: absent language, custom, law and location, but perhaps the

most unmanageable problem is political upheaval. Eber knows that the fire of his Gulf of Aqaba resort runs with Middle East peace negotiations. Similarly, construction on two airports designed for the Jamaican government by Puckett Associates has been postponed due to political unrest. Says Parker: "The real problem in all foreign work is the fluidity of government changes." He speaks from experience. In the four years that his firm has been designing a \$15-million airport terminal for Kabul, Afghanistan, the country has overthrown its monarchy, expelled the king to Rome and become a republic.

But it is a trade job that architects spend part of their time building modern, not buildings. Even if a project is completed, says Parker, "the scale of a new work or a something people don't comprehend." The Kabul airport, for example, will be completed in the year 1990—if it goes well. That means many of those now working on the project may not live to see it finished. As Parker says, an architect—especially one who goes international—must be a 20th-century Leonardo: the builder of the Pyramids of Cheops, part businessman and mathematician, part scientist, politician and diplomat. And, he must be patient.

MARK NEALBOTH



Cities

A tale of two solitudes



When the Parti Québécois came to power in November 1976, one of the migrants it inherited was Montreal's long-standing, long-established status for a metropolitan center. There was no doubt the decision would be a risky one, for what was at stake was not simply a \$60-million complex. Overshadowing the issue was an intricate power game being played out on the landscape of downtown Montreal.

All cities see their downtown core shift over the decades, but rarely as dramatically or in such political context as in Montreal. Since 1960, the emergence of a new Quebec nationalism has been accompanied by the rise of a new French-speaking downtown, fully backed by all levels of government. The result: two parallel power corridors, both extending underground as extraordinary shopping networks. In the west, the monument in Place Ville Marie, and its predecessor as the monument of the now-ceding business community, the Sun Life building. They extend north from the sleek exchange to the south of Mount Royal, where the venerable sun-bell of English dominance of the city, McGill University, resides. In the east, there is a new cluster of government-built francophone institutions, on the legendary St. James Street which was abandoned by the English language news community when the modern towers were built. The cluster stretches north past the massive Complexe Desjardins, completed in 1976 and that becoming the francophone equivalent of Place Ville Marie.

What hadn't had to decide was whether to reinforce the francophone downtown or to put the stamp where the hotel owners wanted it: more major hotels and nightclubs in the middle of the English business community. For a full year, until November 1977, the decision was delayed. Then, in the cottage of the hotel industry, the government chose out over French over English, hopes for the future over the economic patterns of the past. The industry profited as well: owned by Grande Depot S.E. McLaughlin, was rejected in favor of a site proposed by the development arm of the Quebec credit union organization, Caisse Populaire Desjardins. The course, to be built by 1981 above the Ville Marie structure, will fill a gap in the emerging francophone business district—overlaid or credit union-owned townships. It's a huge state-owned private line, glimmer across a new rail line of obsolete buildings at the over-the-hill gang of the English business community.

The next struggle is to decide place over the location of the station for a rapid transit line to support Montreal's new downtown. Will it be in the west, near Place Ville Marie, or in the east, near Complexe Desjardins? David Farley, director of the school of urban planning at McGill, says the priority ought to be construction of a pedestrian connection between the two via a bridge to avoid "the current absence of public movement connecting and potentially harming the efforts of the private sector." Toogie is in check, he has already chosen the proposed corridor the Unity Arcade.

ART BY MICHAEL KATZ

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What you don't know doesn't hurt them



For his part, Spivak is quite prepared to take on the universe. Though he has yet to sell to an American station, *What If?/You Think Of Not?* currently is being aired in Brazil and contracts have been confirmed in more than 15 countries. By this time next year, Spivak estimates, that he should reach #1 in the world. He is enjoying the science program in Canada just as he would any other product. The show is syndicated on six affiliates from Western Canada to Labrador, a spin-off comic strip series was sold to Canadian community newspapers, and "income profiles" T-shirts and pens will be on the market by summer. Spivak believes it's about time science started selling in the marketplace. "It's a good time to be a scientist. Add a creative personality," he says. "At least he's drawing attention to science. Maybe it's up to viewers to take the next step."

—NANCY SHIFFRIN

A Place In The Sun



"When other builders ask whether it pays to construct a solar home, I ask them in return whether it makes sense to continue building now like we did 30 years ago," says Nicholson, whose Solar Energy

ground system and partly funded by the government of Prince Edward Island and Canada.

Governments are expected to be the most important clients of the fledgling solar industry over the next few years but dozens of private projects are underway across the country as small, venture firms press up to meet and stimulate demand. With few employees working from an office on the Toronto waterfront, one such firm, SolarTech Ltd., manufactures solar collectors to order and is now delivering solar systems to seven privately financed projects in Ontario. SolarTech president David Wood took advantage of the freedom of the self-employment business to jump from a career in financial management in Britain to a job advising the Canadian government on energy markets before he created his own firm. Wood, Nicholson and other advocates of solar power say the federal government is lagging in promoting Canadian solar entrepreneurship. "If a Canadian solar industry isn't established very quickly," Wood warns, "the Americans are just going to flood across the border." Critical to a market, he explains, is the need for a decision of a consumer to "take packages" that builders can just drop into place without specialized training. SolarTech plans to produce an off-the-shelf model in another year but more time will be needed to bring the price down to the \$4,000 Wood sees as the key to the cohesive home market.

Recovering the industry is uncertain, not about the worth of solar power but about how the market will be divided among the big and little guys. "Will it be like the car industry with just a few models?" wonders Wood. "Or will it go like a thousand doors and windows with a spread of small companies?" So far, Microhouse Ltd. of Kitchener, Ontario, is the only small Canadian firm prepared to go up against the onslaught of General Motors and other U.S. giants whose solar development in banking is the wish of that country's car makers to buyers of sun heating systems. Also exhibiting growth of Canadian solar power, especially in the cities, is the advent of a building law to protect solar system owners from construction on adjacent land of buildings that would eclipse their sun. Ontario is drafting a "right to light" law and other provinces are preparing to follow. Confidence should be reinforced as well under the Canadian Standards Association completes testing and sets reliability standards for solar collectors. Long-term durability is central to the economics of solar energy.

The biggest impediment remains the habits of home builders and buyers who persist in defying the reality of winter with southern design styles and construction quality. Says Quebec energy minister Guy Jaton: "If we stopped building houses in the south the world here, we could get a substantial share of our energy from the sun."

DAVID THOMAS

Theatre

Will the next Broadway hit be Broadway itself?

If silence were impossible in New York, one would say that Broadway is holding its breath. Fingers crossed, it waits for the February 16 opening of *On The Twentieth Century*, Hal Prince's new musical based on the classic Hedy-Marchant comedy of 1933. The premiere is alive with rumors that this will be the big one. Who knows? It might even be the blockbuster that brings back the golden age when all American seemed to be standing in line for *Gay And Beautiful*, *Kiss Me Kate* and *South Pacific*, and Broadway really was Broadway.

There are similar hopes and rumors every year, of course. The New York theatre lives by dreams of big musicals as elderly White Russian dream of a Renaissance resurrection. The difference this year is that the sick old warhorse has managed to run itself up on two legs. *A Chorus Line*, the hit of two seasons ago, is still playing to 99% of capacity. After last year's season of seven Tony awards, still standing room nightly and is booking in 1979. Their success has sent billions of gold shining through the penny galleries of midtown Manhattan, filling restaurants, mingling scalps with the hoodlums of Times Square, setting other box office hounders with their runaway business. One more major hit, one more leg to stand

on, and the income might just get up and run as fast as the sun for two decades.

Optimism points to other signs of resurgence: Broadway's business, after years of decline, has started around. The gross for the season has already topped \$400 million. That's money, not people, of course, and all it tells is that tickets which cost eight dollars 10 years ago now cost \$16 and upward. But 35 Broadway shows are currently running, compared with 23 last January and 18 in 1975. If this flurry from the 44 New York theatres that flourished in the Twenties and from the legendary years of post-war, pre-television prosperity, after so many winters of discontent it smells like spring.

But its flowers are still mainly anemones, pansies and lilies. Most of the straight plays have no more than three characters, two only one. Few musicals boast enough bodies to populate a Shakespearean court. The costliest show on town, *The Act* (top price \$27), has a cast of 13, fewer than many Manhattan nightclubs. The fact that one of them is Liza Minnelli, however, and fills in red-white-and-blue glitter-wise, compensates sufficiently. Live scenery is sparse. Shows have become chic, but not sure and expensive guarantee Broadway quality. The next look play this season is a disaster, William Gibson's *Golden*, a counter-grained, gritty environmental and "guilt of power" of Israel's former premier "Rushkin" as it hits the



Andrew MacKinnon and David Thomson in 'Amber' the song hasn't ended and probably never will

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The Financial Post

Men is always spending the Yoni Kipper wage for his dog and on strategy ("How can a woman decide between gentlemen?") but on her past and whether this was a bad Jewish mother. In its haste to respect her—was she not a mother to her people?—the play skates as quickly as possible over the awkward, fascinating reality of a bank-tied woman who turned her back on her marriage for socialist politics, and on America for Zionism. Anne Bancroft gives a broad, clever impersonation of Isidore, chain-smoking old-age, talking tough to come off a host of babies. It gets what it deserves: an ovation clearly diminished less at the scores than at Mrs. Men herself, edubly removed to have destroyed the piece.

Much of Broadway's problem is that of New York politics, manorians. Push your play for the Jewish, black or feminist vote, and you've home free. Try for the Israeli, railing-poor majority and you're making a gamble. But there's still a majority opinion: Isidore is proved by lines across of Jewish, a stylish symbol of the popular old indifference which puts its faith in the universality of the myth of the meek, naive Laetitia, superbly flustered in the cry-busting. That's the case, as it comes, it's necessary the eight-century demon-lover of every nation's erotic dream, smiling daily over her virgin plot, reducing daydreams, flesh-and-blood rivals to shadows. Unfortunately, the play's problem has been helped here by spending its three hours of dialogue to introduce minutely Edward Galt's grey, Galt's folks, rife from corner to the nearest embroidery with sky and moon's, are brilliant High Camp. But where Galt's dream is a medieval, Laetitia's belongs in the second half of eighteenth.

Neil Simon deals with the manor problem by pretending that all New York is one vast, pompous Jewish family. His grand at that he makes it work. The man-

ning with which he has a world belief in a world where everyone has enough around friends to compensate by rumor has to be seen in New York to be appreciated. Five minutes into Chapter Two, you're convinced you must know someone who knows widowed George (Judd Hirsch) and divorced Janice (Auntie Gertie), so worry converging on second marriage. The chaos of teenage acquaintance which brings them together is so plausible you can't believe their lawyers, cynicism and old vnu diameters aren't taking in the dark toward you, watching how their alliance will pan out. In other words, Simon provides one of the theater's greatest thrills: the sense that the stage is the center of a reality, a meeting point where all the strands of the life surrounding it meet in coherence. The catch is, it only works for New York: the city has become Simon's minority. To preserve the family feeling, his characters can talk only fairly business and only in the family where it's bright, mechanical New York witcraft (half-childish for manorians; half-cynical for strays) which codifies everything beyond the tribe. To risk reality of sex, race, or politics, or religion, is to risk it. Designed as a stage play, it's necessary, Simon's vulgar reduces them to child or midlife. He begs skill with his chosen audience has never been sufficiently recognized—on New York it's taken for granted, elsewhere it's megalomania. But it's also his rage. Creating a reality for New Yorkers means creating a world of reality.

Group that dilemma, and you understand most of what's going on about Broadway today: why the success, with its large, coarse, up-front, cynicism, remains its triumphed art form, and why the maintenance of modern American acting, psychological method realism, seems to have vanished from it as if it had never been. The nearest thing to method acting on Broadway is the moment in the playing of *Shane Grogan* and *Janice Tandy* in a modest two-hander. The Gus Galt, about two wrangling old people in a welfare home. With beautiful subtlety they expose

Tandy and Grogan in *The Old Couple* if it is an "accident" it's a happy one.

the couple's wares and pretensions, prying through layers of falsehood to the revelation that both are paupers, in the heart of the state's capital. "I made a mistake," my poor old man says. "I got it. The hospital got all my money. Then I made another mistake. I went on living." Truth of that kind can too close for most Broadway audiences. The silence into which it falls is deafening with discomfort.

No other new play in New York provides The Old Couple's sense of reality. It's the work of D. L. Coburn, a new playwright from Texas and it's an masterpiece on Broadway, ranked as those from successful productions in Louisville and New Haven, where the serious American theater is still alive and well. When Broadway is about to die, the honest talent since *My Fair Lady* 20 years ago, an antique come stephensworth worked into an O Henry fairy tale of his old New York where poverty was thick, shrouded and picturesque, story dogs were always displaced by whimsy, cynicism and witless acceptance by happily jolly millionaires with private lives to President Roosevelt.

You can't dislike it. Its nostalgia is too sensibly frank and it glows with success in a city that makes success a synonym for healthiness. It will run for years, make stars of its cast and million for its backers and join *Olivia* and *The Music Man* at every school's favorite Christmas show. Meanwhile, noted the comic Twentieth Century turns up a fairy tale of the golden days when New York producers could snap the crack Chicago-New York caprice to pick up checks for their ladies, and Broadway really was Broadway. It sold it. If drama is your business, you can't afford to walk up.

RONALD BRETHER

Films

The Odder Couple

THE GOODBYE GIRL

Directed by Herbert Ross

Neil Simon is the master of the one-liner, the wisecrack, the glory and the downfall. The glory comes of the ability to spin out seemingly endless threads of repartee so which joke often tops joke, only rarely tapping in the process. The downfall comes when these threads, spun ridiculously and spinning back enough to choke the life out of the characters. The one-liner, the fallacy of Simon's comedy then becomes the cord that hangs him.

There have been particularly badly for Simon on stage and screen when he has tried to become serious or offer real drama with genuine problems who make them feel so intensely that they actually forget to crack jokes. At such times, the Simon technique proves disastrous. If you cut up their own messy dialogue, but up a wall with postmodernism, in a city of pain instead of the usual witless, the Simon character never to bring interchangeable misadventure on parade. Thus the relative success of *Simon's The Goodbye Girl* comes as a total surprise.

Fred McElwain (Maurice Maer) is a Paula (Neil Simon), a somewhat average Broadway dancer his just lost the steepest important man in his life, but tries to hold on at least in the apartment they shared with her 10-year-old daughter Lucy (Queen Latifah), who has to be called.

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"The best" and cracks jokes like a full-grown Neil Simon. The apartment has been equally repaid over, unbeknownst to Paula in a Chicago street named Elliot Galtfield (Richard Dreyfuss), married to New York's second-half Broadway dancer as Richard III. In this type of romantic comedy the hero and heroine can either "meet cute" or they can be in a place of mutual enmity. Here is the latter, with Paula first trying to keep Elliot out altogether, then being forced into the uneasy compromise of sharing the premises with the gentleman, health-food-chewing and serious character actor, whose camera scene as man on her feet.

Meanwhile, Paula has her own problems concerning jobs or getting fired from them. Elliot has to cope with a trendy director who insists that Richard III be to play the man who is Richard III. It is partly for lack of money, partly for love of Lucy that the apartment seems to be together through the usual Simonian plot which includes a manorizing Paula, a farcical fight for Elliot as well as a sensible opening night with an audience for the morning moment. This comes, of course, profound falling in love and the obligatory really happy ending, everything over Paula's knock for living men in the latter part of the film, where romance overshadows the cynical witcraft and snail's pace of the Simon's notion of romance is, for example, having it out on a rooftop picnic, and Elliot using Paula with lines such as,

"If you were in a Broadway musical, people would be throwing your face."

The film was directed by Herbert Ross who, as he has an ex-dancer's respect by legs and bonds. The tempo are lively, the camera movement around the apartment house, and the performance was strong. Especially good are Richard Dreyfuss, who, though short and not with a decidedly over-the-top look, about his own character with a sense of humor and a sense of humor, and Queen Latifah, one of the rare movie actresses not calling for instant accommodation. But as a fellow Simon tells Paula, "It's missing how funny you get when you're happy." Long now in God's own Christmas and married to a case of the third magnitude, Simon may have the same problem.

JOHN SIMON

A woman's work

THE GARTLET

Directed by Carl Lumbly

Put the closet studio. Women have invaded the profession and had a lot to say about them in movies. Now even that show girl, Jane Fonda, has sold out. Her woman's film in *Gartlet*, a sexy excuse for an action picture which proves you're never too wife to be used by the boss of a good woman. It's only the queer sensibility of a wife-as-a Vegas knockout named Gus (Sandra Locke) that keeps the dumb but kind spirit (Lumbly) from leading them into another. Everyone but the sudden officer who professes to be a bullet, knows neither the cops nor the much more Gus to smile at the Phoenix trial to which he is attending his.

Though these powerful odds are pitted against Fonda's odds, there's too little action to let Fonda show herself in advantage as the fine, cynical, funny figure. In it, instead, there's risk and psychology which can be handled only by giving his teeth. What action there is—mandatory drives by car, cycle and chop-axe—seems perfunctory, the violence dull and dumb, more often reflected in things than people.

Gardner is silly enough to appeal to Merry Pyleon has but it won't satisfy enthusiasts who remember *Daddy Harry*. The studio audience is at least one theatre visited their frustration with a show of being in *Eastwood's* moment but (induced by cops' bullets) and the police expert aggressively on the counter-reign.

BARBARA BEECHER

Maer and Dreyfuss will coquette all



Show Business

The image that never fades

There was something instantly, instantly apt about the coincidence that it was Christmas Eve when Charlie Chaplin died. That day, when northern joy with almost lethal solemnity, somehow contained the tragicomic notion that had characterized all Chaplin's career. And his life, too, which was formed of the elements of the most generously sentimental fiction. The London child was, reconstructed Dickens, a world of drunken father, workhouses, orphanages, and a stage debut at the age of five, when his emotionally unstable mother, a music-hall acrobat, lost her voice in mid-number, and the infant Charlie, to save the situation, went onstage and imitated her. The rise through the acting profession, from dog dancer to screen singer and to movie star, was headlong; by 1915 he made his film debut, for Mack Sennett, in 1914, and three years later he had a million-dollar contract. He made more than 80 films in the following half century, became a millionaire several times over, and counted kings and queens among his friends. Then, in the 1940s, the one thing that meant the most—the affection of his huge American following—was gradually withdrawn, owed on rights of publicity suits, income tax investigations and accusations of Communist sympathy. By 1952, he had withdrawn to a general exile in Switzerland, surrounded by children and an ex-prime childlike wife Oona (whom he had met away from her groom-father Eugene O'Neill, attempting to make one final—this, disastrous—film, *A Contract With My Heart*) (1966) and thereafter only to accept the honors and knighthood to live in a comatose

Most audiences today know Charlie Chaplin as their parents—or even their grandparents—comedian. It was that actor-prosecutor who tore the film on their first runs in movie theaters, who might have seen *The Gold Rush* in a new film in 1925, who kept the separation alive, describing and rediscovering the famous scenes until that new audience had a chance to see them, too—probably on television as abridged and adulterated versions. We cherish, from that world of our parents or grandparents, the memory of that amazingly graceful, gallant clown, a dancer in spirit as well as body, and every those who could have seen that famous piece, the little tramp, created and developed from film to film. He was accepted in 1914, for a brief appearance in *Rosie* *Ames* *de France*, for which Chaplin had been asked to star something funny, which he did, borrowing the over-the-top from Fatty Arbuckle, huge shoes, such placed on the wrong foot, a wonderfully fitting jacket, and a cause and derby. A decade of polishing later, the character was ready to appear in his masterpiece, *The Gold Rush*, by which time Chaplin had asserted (as he knew he must complete, perfectionist control over his work, as water-proofer-director-editor. *The Gold Rush* is Chaplin's greatest achievement, comedy in its purest form, the humor is marvellously organic, growing almost self-evidently out of a desperately desperate situation the hero's fate, and the audience's

Having mastered a style of comedy that also pierced the heart—Chaplin's blizzard of his shoe is as moving as anything on film—Chaplin never quite duplicated it. He never reached back to that kind of simplicity again, or never again found the complex means by which such simplicity is created. *The Gold Rush*, so filled with feeling and noble satire, seems so central to Chaplin's soul that he actually treated his audience to receive what was in it. Later, he treated them less and bolder than more. Faking became an almost masochistic pursuit of beauty-positivity, and an increasing return to his childhood world of wealth and magnificence. Thus, such films as *City Lights* (1931) and *Moderne Times* (1936) have moments of unforgettable comic invention punctuated by vividly grotesque and sentimental Virginia Cherrill's blind flower girl, and Pandita Goddard's stowaway. The final major films—*The Great Dictator* (1940), his first talker, *Monsieur Verdoux* (1947) and *Louise* (1952)—asserted with continued impulse of satire, sarcasm, political anger and personal self-pity.

Yet it is probably that same self-indulgent (though toward sentimentality that won him, and kept for him, his audience. "I am known in parts of the world by people who have never heard of Jesus Christ," Chaplin once said, likely not necessarily with a single card, and a phenomenal success for a Jewish Jew, Charlie Chaplin was certainly the greatest popular artist of the century—the man who danced in the imagination of the world.

LEON KARRER

Chaplin married by Mack Sennett in *The Gold Rush*, in *The Little Tramp*, and becoming the clown who had his life in *Swing*

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United Van Lines



Why keeping your money in an old sock is an increasingly better idea

Column by Alan Fotheringham

There is a consensus professor in one of our universities who makes it a practice each year to ask how many students would like to end up as president of a Canadian bank. When a few tentative hands appear, he then says, "Right. If that's your goal get out of this class. Get out of this university. A university degree will disqualify you for this."

It's a dramatic way of pointing out that in the last quarter of this supposedly enlightened century, the Canadian banking system is one of the final refuges of the high-school dropout. Until 1970, there was only one head of a Canadian bank who'd been to university. The average climb to the top, from clerk's window to apartment 35 years. That is Canadian banking: the utter isolation of the boardroom salary. One of the wonders of the world is why the docile public of this complacent realm puts up with the unconscionable concentration of power among these few faceless men who combine all the worst characteristics of the civil service (bureaucratic smoothness) and the business community (corporate married with incestuous incesticide). Canada is controlled not by politicians but by the system of interlocking directorates, with the banks the linchpin. Dr. John Porter in *The Vertical Mosaic* more than 10 years ago knew just how Canada stands 51% of the directorates of the dominant corporations as well as 54% of the bank directorates and the same proportion of the film, insurance companies. Today there are more than 100 men in control of the 100 banks, but more than 3,000 directorships of corporations with assets of \$700 billion. It's a little tight club and it works ok, so efficiently.

What if things like this point to a hole in the fact Ottawa now has a chairman for the annual review of the Bank Act, to do something about the cozy cartel and, at last, one of the provisions has appeared in behalf of the consumer to describe the essential character of bank practices. It's Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs Ralph Mee, a Social Credit millionaire lawyer who is hardly a radical, says charged banks "aggressively break" the ice law every day with shady consumer lending practices that involve threats, delay and outgits.

Blackmail. Recently three vice-presidents, there have the sense of used car salesmen in bank checks.

Now, detailing the slippery dealings that defy an accurate cost law says "In terms of the nature of violations, the Bank of Nova Scotia is worst. The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce is second because it's biggest in size and affects more people." Then it is the same Scotiabank that has refused to join other members of the cozy cartel in killing those seducing "red



convertible" come on out there to encourage Canadians to risk into debt. The Scotiabank, we know, was a vehicle in the Gulf Oil bribery scandal, laundering Gulf money through a phony Nissan account with the result that such delightful people as South Korea's Park Chung Hee could be bribed with one million dollars in Gulf bribes. It was arranged through the bank. William K. Wierzbicki, who came to Gulf from Toronto, where he had been a Scotiabank director for 15 years.

The mean of the banks in answer to the ice changes, is, of course, that they are doing just as well because they are financially chartered. They are wise, naturally, to huddle under the Ottawa umbrella, because that is where they flourish and have been allowed to develop their enormous monopolistic nature.

Despite Prime Trudeau's comments that these same bankers are "the worst bunch of all" and that he is "ashamed" of the profits they've been making (in the year ended October 31, while the rest of the economy was in trouble, bank profits were

up 10-15 to \$332 million), he does risk about it.

Typically, Consumer and Corporate Affairs apparently had no part in writing the proposed revisions to the Bank Act that was left to the Department of Finance and the Bank of Canada. The banks have little to fear. This was clear when the Liberals informed their white paper on their proposed changes. "There were not many surprises," largely responded Allan Lamb, the guru of the Toronto-Dominion who is in recent months advised Ottawa on how top civil service salaries should be increased. "The paper followed fairly closely the recommendations of the Canadian Bankers' Association." The day after the white paper, the stock market shares of the Big Five shot to the biggest gains in two years.

The cartel's grip on Ottawa is confirmed. As a result of the 1967 revisions to the Bank Act, the chartered banks now control 60% of all consumer lending. There are 15,000 banks in the United States (mainly controlled as to where they can set up branches) but there are still only 12 banks in Canada in assets. Only four since their 1967 revision now control 95% of all banking assets.

These are the same people whose staff is 72% women with less than 2% of women in management—with the same serious charge increases and job-buging tactics. And who through the sugar daddy system, which has on that charitable Senate Banking Committee a clutch of Liberal-appointed Senate members, are bankrolled in the same interlocking directorship system that the bank holds, have established to control this country. In the United States the obvious conflict-of-interest would be exploited. In Canada, it's exploited.

Eleven years ago, Montreal economist and dealer R. G. D. Laflamme told a Consumer finance committee that Canadian banking was "a subterranean smoothie, structure with participants being governed by manuals and regulations designed to mold the system into a cohesive form that responds to a narrow managerial structure surrounded by interlocking directorates, a banking machine that responds to the policies of the bureaucracy and not the desires of the consumer." It's still true today. Ask Ralf Mee. Ask the consumer.

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